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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● When pretty 22-year-old Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, a commoner, became engaged to the Duke of York, a king's son, there was no disapproval from the Royal family.

ACCORDING to Hector Bolitho, who writes about the Queen Mother on pages 6 and 7, King George V was delighted with the engagement and said that his son was "a very lucky fellow" to have chosen such a "pretty and charming bride."

Mr. Bolitho considers that a lot of nonsense has been written about Royal marriages, and that there has been more freedom of choice than people imagine.

"Even Queen Victoria," he wrote, "considered that 'a person of distinction' in Britain, 'well brought up, far better as a bride for her sons' than an unsuitable princess'."

So there was nothing strange in the betrothal of Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, which led to one of the happiest marriages in the story of Britain's kings.

IN the last year or so there has been a tremendous increase of interest in keeping tropical fish (see special feature pages 31 to 34), according to Sydney fish breeder and dealer Mr. Ian Fisher.

He himself has sold 10,000 fish in the last eight months.

"That would mean about 100,000 sold in the whole of Sydney," he said.

This increase in popularity also extends to cold-water fish—the familiar goldfish—and the most popular of all is the reddish-gold Fantail.

Of goldfish, all of which are bred from carp, there are about a dozen varieties available.

They can be bought for as little as 2/- each, depending on district and State, or as much as £10. Many come from Hongkong and Japan.

DRESSMAKING LECTURES

Lucille Rivers, our New York dressmaker, will give demonstrations as follows:

SYDNEY: Farmers, Monday, August 7, to Friday, August 11, 2.30 p.m. daily, and Saturday, August 12, at 9.30 a.m., 1st floor. Tickets free, available Paper Patterns Dept., 1st floor, Farmers, from July 31. Answering questions, 10.30 a.m. weekdays.

WOLLONGONG: Marcus Clark's, Monday, August 14, and Tuesday, August 15, 2 p.m., at Phillip House, Crown St., West Wollongong. Tickets 3/6, available Dress Fabrics Dept., Marcus Clark's. Proceeds for Legacy. Answering questions, 10.30 a.m. daily.

NEWCASTLE: Winns, 2.30 p.m., Thursday, August 17, 9.30 a.m., Friday, August 18, and Saturday, August 19. Tickets 2/6, available Dress Fabrics Dept., Winns, from August 7. Proceeds for Legacy. Answering questions, 11 a.m. Thursday and 3 p.m. Friday.

TELEVISION: One-hour demonstrations from Channel 9, TCN, August 14 to 18.

Our cover

● MAIDEN VOYAGE: The 45,000-ton P. & O. Orient liner Canberra berthing recently at the new passenger terminal at Circular Quay, Sydney, after her maiden voyage from Southampton. And across the Quay, dwarfed by the tall modern buildings lining the foreshore, is the small sailing ship, the 847-ton Indonesian Navy barquentine Dewarutji, which sailed into Sydney Harbor two hours ahead of Canberra. At left of it is the Dutch ship Tjiluwah. At right can be seen the nearly completed A.M.P. skyscraper towering above the Cahill Expressway and the ferry wharves. Sydney's electric railway runs under the Expressway, with a station just above the wharves. This picture was taken from the Pylon Lookout, Sydney Harbor Bridge, by staff photographer Ernie Nutt.

HEAVY rain did not dampen the spirits of the 1000 guests at Anne Ford's coming out party (see opposite).

Guests included Mrs. G. Cooper and her daughter Maria, Lord Richard Lumbly of London, film actress Merle Oberon and her husband, dress designer Oleg Cassini, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Du Pont, and Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Firestone.

NEXT WEEK: SLIM FOR SPRING—Fashions showing the new Paris slender-line plus toning exercises for women of all ages and first of a two-part diet . . . New serial: "The Incredible Journey," one of the best animal stories ever written, by Sheila Burnford.



£125,000 **debutante** **party . . .**

● Anne Ford's coming-out party cost her motor-magnate father at least £125,000, but guests said Anne was "the loveliest model Henry ever brought out." In the picture above, Anne, 18, is flanked left and right by her official escorts—her cousin, Raymond Peter Sullivan III (left), and Thomas Evans Ford, no relation (right)—and surrounded by her ushers. The ushers, 21 in all, aged 18 to 21, are a glorified "stagline." It is their job to see that all the girls, especially the deb, have dancing partners. They do lots of cutting in to make the girls feel much sought after. Anne Ford's two official escorts took her to dinner before the ball; had the first and last dances with her. All the boys are wearing medallions specially struck for the event—a tradition at American deb parties.

Henry Ford II, chairman of the Ford Company, launched Anne into the smartest of smart American society at his luxury home in exclusive Grosse Pointe, Detroit.

"My wife and I love to give a party," said Henry. He engaged Ella Fitzgerald to entertain and laid on caviare, steaks, crepes Suzette, and 5000 bottles of champagne.



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No pampering for a baron-to-be

By WINIFRED MUNDAY, staff reporter

● Although some people are already calling him "the little Lord Fauntleroy of Maroubra," that's just a mild local joke. There really doesn't seem much fear of the future Lord Latham becoming spoiled.

A LONG with his brother and sisters in the red-brick cottage in the Sydney beach suburb, six-year-old Dominic Charles Latham gets a smack when he deserves it, and every member of the family has a chore to do.

His is to carry the garbage-tin out to the gate on collection days.

I called at their home soon after their grandfather in England, Lord Latham of Hen-don, had made his announcement to the newspapers that this little boy would be heir to the title.

Dominic and his twin brother, Anthony, lay sprawled on the sitting-room floor. Between them was a copy of De-brett's Peerage, giving the vital statistics for their grandfather, who was created a peer in 1942.

But the most vital statistic affecting the Maroubra Lathams was missing — there was no mention of Dominic's existence.

Exciting day

"I expect that's why Lord Latham decided to make it public at this time that he has an heir to the title in Australia — so that his name will appear in the next issue," said Mrs. Latham, a tall, dark, pretty woman, who has a family of six.

"Dom is only half an hour older than Tony, but he has always acted like an elder brother," she told me.

It had been an exciting day for the children — Francesca, 9, Christine, 8, the twins, Angelique, 5, and Michelle, 3.

Reporters, television interviewers, and movie cameras had been swarming around St. Mary's Primary School, where all the children except baby Michelle attend, waiting for play- and lunch-breaks to photograph Dominic and his twin.

All day the two older girls had been bombarded with questions by their schoolmates.

And when the children returned home after school they were all clamoring to know: "When are we going to be on television, Mummy? Can we stay up and see ourselves?"

"They are all usually in bed by 7.30, but I'm going to let them stay up tonight," Mrs. Latham said.

"Really, although they

know who their grandfather is, they don't understand what all the fuss is about. I hadn't mentioned anything about Dom's inheritance of the title to any of the neighbors, so I expect he will be the centre of attention for a while. But I hope the novelty will wear off.

Son's future

"They are really all just ordinary little boys, but I would like them to have a good education. That's one of the things I hope to discuss with their grandfather when we meet.

"I'm not sure whether he will be coming here or whether I will go to England. I have two brothers—a doctor and a dentist—already living there."

Dom's favorite subject at school is "sums."

"He may follow in his grandfather's footsteps and become a chartered accountant," said Mrs. Latham, "and I would like him to take an interest in politics later on."

"From our point of view, the most important aspect of the title is that Dominic will be able to take his seat in the House of Lords and strengthen Australian representation there."

I felt a particular link with little Dom, because I was born and lived in the County of Middlesex, of which



● Dominic recognises his grandfather's name (but can't find his own) in the weighty copy of De-brett's Peerage.

grandfather Baron Latham is Lord Lieutenant.

And for 18 years he was my father's "boss," first as a member of the London Passenger Transport Board and later as chairman of the nationalised London Transport Executive.

Dominic's father, Francis, who was killed in a road accident two years ago, was not very much in touch with the Baron, but the 73-year-old peer has been corresponding with Mrs. Latham for the past year or so.

"He is very interested in all the children," she said.

Our conversation was interrupted by yet another telephone call.

This time it was congratulations from an old lady of 93 who had been Mrs.

Latham's teacher at the Loreto Convent at Normanhurst, N.S.W.

"The children enjoy the excitement, but it's getting a bit nerve-racking for me," Mrs. Latham said.

As I left the house the future Baron Latham, with three or four inches of snow-white singlet hanging outside his khaki shirt and shorts, went back to his place on the sitting-room floor.

"Just in time for the cartoons," he said, as Francesca switched on the television set.

● Mrs. Latham with Angelique on her lap; then (left to right) Christine, Anthony, Dominic, Michelle, and Francesca.



Clothes for Australian tour

● Lucille Rivers, our expert dressmaker, who arrives here this month, is pictured in New York in some of the smart outfits she has made specially for her Australian tour, which begins in Brisbane on July 31.



LATE AFTERNOON printed silk dress which has a smart side-draped skirt. Miss Rivers is photographed here in Washington Square South, New York.



OUTDOOR art show in Greenwich Village holds Miss Rivers' attention. She wears a green silk linen dress and a jacket lined with the silk of dress shown at left.



BUYING an ice-cream in Gramercy Park, Miss Rivers wears a linen suit of pink and beige plaid. She also has made a lightweight woollen suit and coat in hot pink.



TERRACE HOUSE provides background for Miss Rivers in pink linen jacket and skirt. A matching overblouse makes this a useful three-piece travelling outfit.



BIOLOGIST Dr. Hilary Jolly with a depth-bottle she uses when she goes "fishing" in dams for microscopic animal and plant life.

Water is her formula for living

By ROBIN ADAIR

● Dr. Hilary Jolly wasn't altogether joking as she smiled and said: "I suppose I have water on the brain."

THERE is "water, water everywhere" in Dr. Jolly's life at bushy Warragamba, 50 miles from Sydney.

For the past 18 months she has helped to safeguard 574,688,000,000 gallons of it. She is chief biologist of the Metropolitan Water, Sewerage and Drainage Board, Sydney, which controls a catchment area of 3675 square miles.

Strictly scientifically she is a limnologist—an expert on the chemistry and life of inland waters.

She studies the plant and animal life in the huge catchment area which serves Sydney and much of the N.S.W. south coast—approximately 2,264,000 people—then advises the Board of any irregularities which could affect distribution.

Long contact

At Dr. Jolly's neat fibro laboratory in the quiet Warragamba countryside—which roams rather incongruously around the technical magnificence of the mighty £35½-million dam—she outlined her lifelong contact with water.

Even in answer to my question about her age water popped up.

"Just say," she said disarmingly, "that quite a lot of water has flowed under the bridge . . ."

Perhaps it all started, the doctor suggested, at her home town, Hamilton, New Zealand, when she was four.

Her father tied a rope around her and tossed her into the water to learn to swim.

Dr. Jolly—or as she was then, pigtailed Hilary Jolly—later loved rowing the family dinghy on Hamilton Lake.

She graduated to yachting, first a small skiff, then a 22-footer.

About half of Dr. Jolly's working week is spent on field trips.

These start at 7.30 a.m. and take her to the six Water Board dams—Cataract, Cordaux, Avon, Nepean, Woronora, and Warragamba—and their tributaries.

Field trips usually involve rowing for miles (that, of course, is just what the doctor ordered) and camping out.

The basic aim of Dr. Jolly's trips is to take samples of animal and plant plankton (drifting, usually microscopic, life in water) for analysis.

Her work offers Dr. Jolly the enjoyment of a magical world inhabited by strange life and lush, unknown-to-the-layman vegetation.

For example, in her nets and depth-bottles she captures, for viewing under a microscope, tiny shrimps which would go billions to the pound in a fish shop.

She sees a beautiful "garden" filled with yellow-green long-stranded *Melosira*, brilliant green petal-shaped *Cosmarium*, star-shaped *Staurastrium*.

Dr. Jolly sees these, and many more, bloom in spring, fade and die in winter.

And, as an underwater Sir Walter Raleigh, she finds tobacco weed, *Polysphaera*, which can play havoc with pipes (of the water variety) by blocking filters.

The secret of the QUEEN MOTHER'S

It's her friendly good manners — in fact, her simple goodness.
writes **HECTOR BOLITHO**, the well-known Royal biographer

● One day in Washington, I called a cab to take me from my hotel to Mount Vernon, George Washington's elegant house above the Potomac River. When the driver heard my voice he asked, "You from England?" and I said, "Yes." After a few moments he asked, "Have you ever seen Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother?"

I WAS able to answer, "Yes, I have met her." "Well, so have I," he said. "I was inside the gates at Mount Vernon when she went there. As she stepped out of the car just beside me there was a shower of rain."

"She opened her parasol and, as she did it, she looked at me, smiled, and said, 'Excuse me.'"

"What do you think of that! My! She's a lovely lady." Next day, by one of those coincidences, I came out of the Library of Congress, hailed a cab, and found the same driver. We were buddies immediately.

He talked of England: I confessed that I had written a book on Windsor Castle and promised to send him a copy. At the end of the journey he refused my dollar and said, "No, you're my guest on this trip."

Two themes emerge. The first is that good manners spread out and are remembered: they increase and multiply and warm all that they touch. The second is that Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother has bestowed this blessing everywhere she has travelled.

It is the secret of her influence and the key to her life. Most of us realise that bad manners arise from inward fear and uncertainty. If this is true, the happiness and the authentic relationships of her childhood guarded the Queen Mother from this folly, just as they were to shield her from the unnatural strains of relationships in a Royal household of the old regime.

Although the Queen Mother was born in England, her ancestral roots and the enduring influences of her childhood came from Glamis Castle, in Scotland, and the valid life of the Highlands, where Englishmen are still looked upon as foreigners. Years of girlhood spent in England and marriage did not change the Queen Mother's independent Scottish heart. There is a story of her visit to South Africa in 1947, when a dour Afrikaner, in Natal, said that he was delighted to greet her but that he still hated being ruled by the English.

She is said to have answered, "I understand perfectly. We feel the same in Scotland."

Child without fear

Monarchs have seldom been good mothers and fathers; almost at birth their children are handed over to governesses and official guardians, who are strangers. The natural love between parent and child is therefore ruined. The Queen Mother did not suffer from this alienation.

With her brother David she learned her first lessons from both Bible and schoolbook from her parents. There was no shadow of Royal duty over the children at Glamis.

Their mother, their aunts and uncles wrote books and painted landscapes. They packed their paint-boxes and sketch-books into their luggage as naturally as we pack our cameras.

So Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon grew up used to intelligent but unpretentious conversation. All this was to be a great influence on her interests when she became Queen.

Her nurse described her as "an exceptionally easy child," but nurses are inclined to say this since it becomes a compliment to themselves. The Queen Mother was also a naughty child; she once poured water from one of the turrets of Glamis on the heads of visitors arriving for lunch.

Every episode of which we read increases the fine truth that she was without fear.

When John Sargent, the American artist, did a portrait of her as a girl he described her as "the only completely unselfconscious sitter" he had ever painted.

HECTOR BOLITHO is the author of biographies of Queen Victoria, the Prince Consort, Edward VIII, and George VI. He was born in New Zealand 62 years ago, and lives in England.



A generation later, the present Queen, Elizabeth II, recalled that during her childhood "The sun always seemed to be shining."

This was true, and the sunshine came not from her Royal lineage but from the blessing of her mother's early happiness. King George VI's childhood had been utterly different, and must be described to appreciate the Queen Mother's achievement.

His father, George V, was a conventional, sincere, and pious man, but his mania for duty allowed no room for the foibles of the young. His sons were afraid of him. The Duke of Windsor has written: "I have often thought that my father liked children only in the abstract."

The outward sign of this intimidation on Prince Albert, his second son, was a stammer from which he suffered until after he was married. His early years were harsh; when he was sent off to be trained for the Navy, the King said to the Prince's tutor: "Treat him as a cadet and make him realise his responsibilities."

Many years ago, when I planned to write a book on King George VI, one of his naval instructors sent me a letter, which ended: "I want you to emphasise that he had a tremendous lot of guts."

The "guts" was necessary. When the 1914-1918 war began, the Prince was appointed to H.M.S. Collingwood. Twice he had to be taken ashore to hospital with gastric pains, but he was on board again for Jutland, standing on top of the fore-turret when the ship was shelled.

By the end of 1919 Prince Albert had proved himself—as a sailor in battle, as a pilot in the R.A.F., and as a diligent, if unbrilliant scholar at Cambridge University.

His father gave him his first reward: he created him Duke of York. But he was his tranquil, almost unnoticed, way, always overshadowed by his dazzling elder brother, who played Galahad to war-weary Britain and the countries of the Empire.

The Duke remained more at home under his father's eye. He complained: "I am not palace-minded," and he said to a friend: "We are not a family; we are a firm."

When he was asked to lead the movement to bring employers and workers together, by visiting factories all over the country, he said, "I will do it. But I don't want any of that damned red carpet." He went back to Cambridge and took a course in Economics to help him in his task.

His brothers teased him and called him "The Foreman." He was the real heir to his father's earnestness; also to his quick temper.

The Duke of York showed a flash of imagination when, in 1922, he proposed, not to a princess but to Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon.

She was 22 years old; he was 27. Lady Elizabeth hesitated; she wrote in a letter to a friend that she was "afraid" lest, by becoming "Royal," she would "never again be free to think or speak or act" as she "really felt" she "ought to."

But she said "Yes," and thus brought into the Royal family qualities of humanity that not only freed her husband of his inhibitions but that also eased the strange, impersonal tensions of George V's Court.

Under the quiet influence of his wife, the Duke of York blossomed into a new man; she curbed his quick temper and, in the modest rooms of White Lodge, in Richmond Park, she gave him what he craved for: a fireside and all that Addison described in his notion of a "happy marriage"—the "pleasures of friendship, all the enjoyment of sense and reason, and, indeed, all the sweets of life."

It is the quiet prize that all married people seek; it has seldom been enjoyed by princes.

CHARM



● This picture of the Queen Mother was taken on her way to York for the Duke of Kent's marriage last month.

The meaning of the prize was deepened with the birth of Princess Elizabeth and her sister, Princess Margaret. The family later moved to Royal Lodge, at Windsor. During those years I was living in the Castle and I was able to watch the growing pattern of family sunshine.

One was aware all the time that the Duchess was bringing up her children in the way that she remembered from Scotland. Through her own will and example, she laid the unnatural ghosts that had so often alienated Royal parents from their heirs.

The present Queen learned her lessons at her mother's knee; she was nine years old before she had a governess.

In time she was taught American and English history as one subject, so that she would not grow up with a narrow view of the world; and she was allowed to read the novels of Conan Doyle, John Buchan, and P. G. Wodehouse.

Inherited manners

Each Christmas, with Princess Margaret, she acted in a pantomime, with the children of the gamekeepers and woodsmen who lived in the park. The schoolmaster who produced the pantomimes told me one day: "It is interesting to watch Princess Elizabeth. At the end of a rehearsal she looks to see that the other children all have chairs before she sits down."

I used to hear the canons' wives in the cloisters commenting on the "advanced" ideas of the Duchess, and they raised their eyebrows at the story of Princess Elizabeth, still a child, calling her grandfather back one day and saying, "You forgot to shut the door."

But younger people spoke with delight of the freedom from prejudice and intimidation in the way the Princesses were being taught.

They developed not in an inherited Royal mould but each in her own pattern. A trifling story reveals this.

One day the Dean asked them what they wished him to preach about on Easter Sunday. Princess Elizabeth thought deeply and was silent. Princess Margaret answered spontaneously: "Why not preach about hot-cross buns?"

The theme of inherited manners was there also. A few years later, when her parents were absent in London, Princess Elizabeth was lunching at Windsor Castle with some older people. On one side was a canon from the cloisters who had known her since she was a baby. On her other side sat a stranger who was diffident and silent.

She gave all her attention to the stranger and said afterwards to the old friend, "I hope you did not mind, but he was shy and I felt that I should devote myself to him."

The influence of the Duchess was not only on her daughters; her husband also grew in happiness and confidence, and he revealed the reason for this in his speeches.

In one of them he said to an audience, "Take care of the children and the country will take of itself."

Then came the alarming challenge for both of them: on January 20, 1936, George V died and Edward VIII became King. Eleven months later he abdicated.

The Duchess of York, who had hesitated before marrying even the second son of the King, suddenly found that she had to assume the heavy responsibility of being Queen. Yet her tranquillity and unselfishness were such that her husband was able to make the frightening transition from the modest, private



● Riding in a wheelchair from her car at the Vickers-Armstrong shipyards on the Tyne, she named a large new freighter recently. The wheelchair—she laughed and called it her "chariot"—eased the strain on a cracked bone in her foot.

house in Piccadilly to the vast impersonal rooms of Buckingham Palace.

(I have been told that Princess Elizabeth asked if they could have a tunnel dug from the Palace to the house, so that they might go back and sleep there at night.)

Queen Elizabeth learned to inspire her husband in his unexpected tasks. Soon after his Coronation, his great aunt, Princess Helena Victoria, went to see him in his study. She told me later that it was "surprising to watch him" at his desk: she noted the signs of his growing confidence, and said: "The movement of his hands; the way he touches things, and writes—it is the same as his father."

Then came World War II. I was lunching at Holland House one day and among the guests was Mr. Winston Churchill. The East End of London was being bombed mercilessly at that time and, almost every day after the night of destruction, the King and the Queen drove down to the poor, shattered houses to console the bereaved and the homeless. Someone at the luncheon table commented on the effect of the Queen's presence at the side of the King.

Mr. Churchill, with his genius for putting all into one sentence, said, "Yes, they have the rare talent of being able to make a mass of people realise, in a flash, that they are good."

Self-effacing role

The war ended, with the sad trophies of victory. George VI was king of an impoverished country in which millions of people had been killed or were homeless.

With the Queen, he travelled over the tired land; and he went to the countries of the Commonwealth to thank them for their part in the war. But he was already an exhausted monarch, and he showed signs of his weariness.

The early years of ill-health had not been conquered. The memory that was to endure from these journeys was of Queen Elizabeth's valiant smile, which melted reluctant cynics wherever she went.

On February 6, 1952, King George VI died in his sleep. There began for the Queen—now the Queen Mother—the

self-effacing role that only a great woman can play. Her daughter—also happily married and with the blessing of a family—had to step forward into power and authority.

But we still enjoy stories of the Queen Mother, casting her spell of charm and manners, in every country she visits.

I have travelled over most of the world, and when I recall the map of my journeys I can plant a story of the Queen Mother in almost every country I know.

Four winters ago I was in Virginia—in Gloucester County, standing in a graveyard beside an arm of the Severn, that flows into the York River. I scraped six inches of snow off a flat tombstone and read, Augustine Warner, Deceased 24th Day of December, 1674.

Augustine Warner was one of the early plantation owners and he was the common ancestor of George Washington, Robert E. Lee, and the Queen Mother.

Her grandfather, the 13th Earl of Strathmore, married one of Augustine Warner's descendants. I found people in Gloucester County so proud of this frail link that they talked of the Queen Mother with affection, as if she were their own.

I moved on to Washington—and to the experience with the cab driver, which opens my story. Then to New York, up the Hudson, to Hyde Park, where the Queen Mother and King George VI stayed in 1939.

I walked through the rooms where they had slept; I read letters that they had sent to the President, and then I returned to New York, where I dined with Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. I told her of my day at Hyde Park.

Mrs. Roosevelt said, "Yes, they were charming guests. As Queen Elizabeth was leaving, she suddenly said to me, 'Oh, I forgot to thank your chauffeur for driving the King so carefully.'"

"The man was brought and the Queen thanked him. He was an old servant of ours, from Hyde Park village. He hurried home, and the news of the Queen's gesture soon spread.

"We all drove to the station, where the King and the Queen were to catch the train. We found the slopes crowded with people from the village.

"Suddenly as the train moved, without anyone seeming to give a signal, they all joined in singing 'Auld Lang Syne.'"



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HEMINGWAY - and the women

in his life

By
ROBIN ADAIR,
staff reporter

● Ernest Hemingway, the rebellious but revered novelist, who for 40-odd years wrote about courage, violence, and death, will always be remembered as a man's man.

BUT was the staccato-style recorder of stark life, who fought big fish, critics, and wars, savored bullfights and binges, made headlines with his hazardous adventures, also a woman's man?

The answer is that women did play, apparently, almost as big a part in the author's full 62 years as his "moments of truth," scotch and tequila, sunburnt searches for marlin, safaris in Africa, fights, and tenuous, creative tussles with pencil and typewriter.

A woman is generally credited with having put him on the path to his fame as a writer, capped in 1954 by the Nobel Prize for Literature for "The Old Man and the Sea."

She was famous American author and poet Gertrude Stein, who befriended him in Paris during the early 1920s.

Miss Stein, who died in Paris in 1946, aged 72, is supposed to have helped the young author mould his famous clipped economic style.

Other women in Hemingway's life were something more than teachers and guides.

Four wives

He was a man for whom the wedding bells tolled—four times.

A seemingly inexhaustible inner well of romantic restlessness parted him from three wives.

Death from a shotgun blast at one of his American homes, in Ketchum, Idaho, on July 2 parted him from the fourth.

Hemingway's first wife was American socialite Hadley Richardson, of St. Louis, whom the young author met in Chicago, married in 1921.

Pretty Mrs. Hemingway and her husband seem to have had quite a lot in common. She, too, was a sensitive artist—a

gifted pianist, and she, apparently, was sympathetic to their move to Europe in the early 'twenties.

They were, nevertheless, divorced in 1927. Hadley Richardson Hemingway bore the budding leader of letters a son, John, in 1922.

During the same year as his first divorce, Hemingway took as his second wife "Vogue" magazine writer Pauline Pfeiffer, a close friend of his first wife.

The couple had two sons, Patrick, born in 1930, and Gregory, in 1932. (In August, 1960, Gregory Hemingway and his wife made the author a grandfather when a daughter was born to them in Miami, Florida.)

Then a third divorce and Hemingway married, in 1940, blonde American writer Martha Gellhorn.

He had met Miss Gellhorn in 1936 and fallen in love with her in 1937 while he was collecting material on the Spanish Civil War, from which he was later to write "For Whom the Bell Tolls."

Martha Gellhorn spent her honeymoon with Hemingway covering the war in China.

When they first met, Miss Gellhorn was the Countess de Jouvenal, wife of Count Bertram de Jouvenal.

Strange that Miss Gellhorn and Pauline Pfeiffer had come from St. Louis, as had Mrs. Hemingway No. 1.

Students of Hemingway's life have often remarked on the paradox of the swash-buckling world citizen who three times out of four married women from a rather typical Middle Western U.S. city.

In 1945 Hemingway was granted a divorce from Martha Gellhorn Hemingway on the ground of desertion.

He claimed that his wife abandoned their home in Britain in 1944 and went to

France as a war correspondent against his wishes.

In 1946 Hemingway wed once more.

This time it was to Mary Welsh, of Chicago, another writer, who was the ex-wife of an Australian war correspondent, the late Noel Monks.

Being married to Ernest Hemingway seems to have been poles apart from the traditional suburban idyll.

The boisterous, burly, bearded author required more than just keeping the home fires burning, laying out carpet slippers and a pipe.

Hemingway's last wife summed up one aspect of life with him when she said, "Any girl who marries 'Papa' (her nickname for him; he called her 'Miss Mary') has to learn to carry a gun."

They had to learn to carry a gun

Certainly, "Papa" did expect his spouses to accompany him on his adventures and energetic recreations.

"Miss Mary," who had never fished before her marriage to Hemingway, later was to become so expert that she came within reach of a Havana, Cuba, big-game fishing championship.

She was with "Papa" in January, 1954, when their plane crashed in Uganda, Africa, during a safari. Hemingway was badly burned, his wife suffered two cracked ribs.

This incident revealed a personal detail about Mary Welsh Hemingway—one of the few glimpses of the private life of any of his wives—that had a typical Hemingway twist.

The novelist revealed after the crash that his wife's snoring when they slept beside the crashed plane attracted wild elephants.

Even life at home, when the author was relaxing after an



● Ernest Hemingway, left, as a young man. At right he is "Papa" Hemingway, veteran of letters and life. He died on July 2 violently, as he had lived.



adventure or writing, required of Hemingway's wives work above and beyond the call of duty of the average housewife.

"Miss Mary" was reported once as saying that life at the Hemingway home outside Havana, "Finca Figia" ("Lookout Farm"), was "a perpetual weekend, involving noise, animals, and personalities, always approaching complete uproar."

Hemingway kept an open house, and Mary said she considered herself lucky if by 7

his idea of flattery was to praise her in the language of the prize-ring: "She is the best that ever came into the ring."

Paradoxically, the man who loved the blood of the bull-ring had a soft spot for other animals—cats in particular. He kept 34 on his Cuban farm.

Hemingway, according to the record, was rather a stern father. "My boys must be men," he once said. "They must face violence and blood without being cowards."

Nevertheless, this man who demanded the same blood-and-iron philosophy in his sons once, at least, made a tender gesture to a child.

In 1944 he was one of a team of war correspondents farewelling a French family who had been kind to them.

As the correspondents went out the door they loaded the children with chocolates and chewing-gum.

One small boy seemed to have less than the others. So Hemingway took off his gold watch and gave it to the lad.

Although three of his mar-

p.m. she could decide how many guests were staying for dinner and by 11 p.m. who would stay the night.

Visitors at "Finca Figia" would range from humble fishermen to "Fi-Fi" and "Zeke"—Hemingway's names for the Duchess and Duke of Windsor.

As well as being "Papa's" social hostess and co-adventurer, Mary was also his confidential secretary and "librarian" of his 4623 books.

No wonder she took a siesta each afternoon.

Hemingway's attraction for women was probably due to his looks (in his youth he was a strikingly handsome man; as he aged he assumed a patriarchal nobility), his physique (in good health he was a muscular 14st. 12lb.), his love of good living, and his mind.

He did not use conventional charm with women.

He called Marlene Dietrich "The Kraut" and, in her case,

riages failed, Hemingway had a clear, uncomplicated public view on love and the part women should play in his life.

Of their role he said:

"A woman should be properly loved as one is able and according to her deserts. Men and women have their duties and pleasures and rewards, also the right to make mistakes if they are not intentional ones."

And what was love to Hemingway?

His Robert Jordan, hero of "For Whom the Bell Tolls," said: "There will always be people who say it (love beyond the physical sense) does not exist because they cannot have it. But I tell you it is true and that you have it, even if you die tomorrow."

Was Robert Jordan speaking for his creator? The answer seems to be "yes."

For when John Atkins was writing "The Art of Ernest Hemingway" he asked: "Is love (spiritually) possible?"

"Papa" replied: "Every man knows that for himself. For me it is."



1 Hemingway and his first wife, Hadley Richardson, whom he married in 1921. They had a son, John.



2 With his second wife, Pauline Pfeiffer—married in 1927—and their two sons and his son, John.



3 He married his third wife, Martha Gellhorn, in 1940. Pictured here in China with a Chinese General.



4 In 1946 he married a third writer, Mary Welsh. Here they are on safari in Africa. Mary was his constant companion until his death by a shotgun blast.

WOOL MAKES A SMART HANDBAG

● It's the latest look in handbags and you can make them yourself in a few hours for as little as 24/-, depending on the price you pay for the frame. Most large stores stock frames which cost from 2/6 to £2, but if you really want to economise, use one from an old handbag. In a variety of designs, these bags are for day and cocktail wear.



CROCHET design with bamboo handle. The wool costs about £1/0/8 and the frame about 2/6. Worked on a number 7 crochet hook, 4 balls of wool are used. The directions are given below.

CHUNKY CROCHET

Materials: 4 balls "Peacock" Chunkyknit; 1 No. 7 stratnoid crochet hook; 1 bamboo 9in. bag frame; 1 toggle button.

Abbreviations: D.c., double crochet; ch., chain.

Tension: 3 sts. 1in.; 3½ rows 1in.

Crochet a chain 22in. long.

Next Row: 1 ch. to turn, 1 d.c. into each st.

Rep. last row until work

measures 4½in. Form a button-hole on the next row by working 4 d.c., then work 2 ch., miss 2 d.c., then work d.c. to end of row.

Continue in d.c. until work measures 9in. Fasten off.

Crochet the edge without the buttonhole around handle, then fold back 8½in. and crochet sides together, fold the remaining 5in. over on to front, fasten with button. Line if wished.

PARTY PINK

Materials: 3 balls "Peacock" Poodle; 4in. wide shaped frame; stiffened lining; 1 pair No. 7 needles.

Tension: 4½ sts. 1in.; 7 rows 1in.

Abbreviations: St-st., stocking-stitch (k 1 row, p 1 row alternately).

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 7 sts. Work in st-st., increasing 1 st. each end of every row until increased to 35 sts., then every 2nd row until increased to 49 sts. Continue in st-st. on these 49 sts. When work measures 16in., measured from commencement, k 2 tog. each end of the next and every following alternate row until dec. to 35 sts., then every row until dec. to 7 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Cut lining to shape of knitting. With right side of knitting facing, fold in half, sew up side and 1in. of shaping, turn back on to right side. Stitch to frame, pleating or gathering evenly to fit. Sew up lining in same way, but leave wrong side out. Slip into knitted bag, stitch lining top neatly to frame.

COCKTAIL purse in poodle wool. The frame costs about £1/10/- and the wool 9/9.



BUCKLE-STYLE

Materials: 4 balls "Peacock" Chunkyknit; 1 pair No. 3 needles; 1 large size crochet hook; 1 bag frame 9in. in width; small length of ribbon; 1 buckle; 1 press-stud.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; rep., repeat; d.c., double crochet.

Tension: 3 sts. 1in.; 6 rows 1in.

Using No. 3 needles, cast on 28 sts. K 3 rows.

Next Row: * K 3, k twice into next st., rep. from * to end (35 sts.). Work as follows:

1st Row (wrong side): K 1, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: P 1, * k the next st. double by knitting into the row below and slipping st. off needle, p 1, rep. from * to end.

Rep. these 2 rows for 18in. **Next Row:** * K 3, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end (28 sts.). K 3 rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Fold in half and join side seams to within 2in. of top. Using crochet hook, work d.c. along cast-off and cast-on edges and over frame. Line if desired. Slip ribbon through buckle, then stitch ribbon on to back of bag and fasten to front with a press-stud.

BUCKLE-STYLE costs about £1/0/8 for wool, 2/6 for buckle, £1/5/- for frame.



TOWN SET

Fringed jacket

Materials: 14 (15, 16) balls "Peacock" Chunky-knit; 1 pair No. 1 needles; 1 medium-size crochet hook; 1 button.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 20 (20½, 20½) in.; bust to fit 34 (36, 38) in.; sleeve seam 12 (12, 12½) in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; beg., beginning; dec., decrease; inc., increase; sl., slip; p.s.s.o., pass slip-stitch over; rem., remaining; st-st., stocking-stitch (k 1 row, p 1 row alternately); g-st., garter-stitch (k every row).

Tension: 3 sts. lin.; 4 rows lin.

BACK

Using No. 1 needles, cast on 54 (56, 60) sts. Work in st-st. until work measures 12 (12, 12) in. or required length to armholes. Cast off 2 (2, 3) sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of the next 2 (3, 3) rows. When armholes measure 8 (8½, 8½) in., shape shoulders by casting off 5 (5, 6) sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Cast off 5 (5, 5) sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Cast off rem. sts. loosely.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 1 needles, cast on 32 (34, 36) sts.

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: K 2, p to end.

Rep. the last 2 rows until work measures 12 (12, 12) in. or required length to armhole.

Next Row: Cast off 2 (2, 3) sts. at armhole edge, k to last 4 sts., k 2 tog., k 2.

Cont. to dec. 1 st. inside the 2 border sts. every 2nd row and at the same time dec. 1 st. at armhole edge on the next 2 (3, 3) rows. Cont. to dec. inside border every 2nd row until dec. to 15 (15, 16) sts. When armhole measures 8 (8½, 8½) in., shape shoulder by casting off 5 (5, 6) sts. at armhole edge of the next row. Cast off 5 (5, 5) sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row twice.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, working border and shapings at opposite ends, and make a button-hole as follows: 1 in. below armhole shapings.

Buttonhole—1st Row: K 4 sts., cast off 2 sts., k to end of row.

2nd Row: P to last 4 sts., cast on 2 sts., p 2, k 2. When dec. inside the g-st. border, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., instead of k 2 tog.

SLEEVES

Using No. 1 needles, cast on 32 (34, 34) sts. Work in st-st. for 4 in., then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 6th row following until inc. to 44 (46, 48) sts. When sleeve seam measures 13 (13, 13½) in. or 1 in. longer than required length, dec. 1 st. each end of every 2nd row until dec. to 22 (22, 22) sts., then every row until dec. to 12 (12, 12) sts. Cast off.

COLLAR

Using No. 1 needles, cast on 6 sts.

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: K 2, p to last st., p twice into last st., cast on 2 sts.

Repeat last 2 rows until increased to 30 sts.

Continue in st-st., keeping the 2 border sts. in g-st. for 26 (26½, 27) in. or until long enough to go around neck.

Next Row (right side): Cast off 2 sts., then sl. the st. from right-hand needle on to left-hand needle, k 2 tog., k to end of row.

Next Row: K 2, p to end.

Repeat last 2 rows until decreased to 6 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Join shoulder seams. Stitch sleeves around armholes. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew collar around neck. Sew button on left front. Stitch back the 2 border sts. around collar and down centre fronts.

FRINGE

Cut 2 lengths of wool about 6 in. long. Keeping them tog., fold in half and draw the loops through the edge of the knitting with a crochet hook — from the right side of the knitting to the wrong side. Pull the 4 ends through the loops and tighten up. Rep. around lower edge of jacket and ends of collar.

Knitted bag

Materials: 3 balls "Peacock" Chunkyknit; 1 pair No. 1 needles; bag frame 9 in. wide; 1-3rd yd. material for lining.

Tension: 3 sts. lin.; 4 rows lin.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch.

Using No. 1 needles, cast on 27 sts. Work in following pattern:

1st Row: K 2, * p 2, k 2, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: P 2, * k 2, p 2, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

These 2 rows complete the pattern. Continue in pattern, increasing 1 st. each end of the 5th row and every alternate row until inc. to 37 sts. Continue in pattern; when work measures 20 in. decrease 1 st. each end of the next and then every alternate row until decreased to 27 sts. Work 4 rows in pattern and cast off.

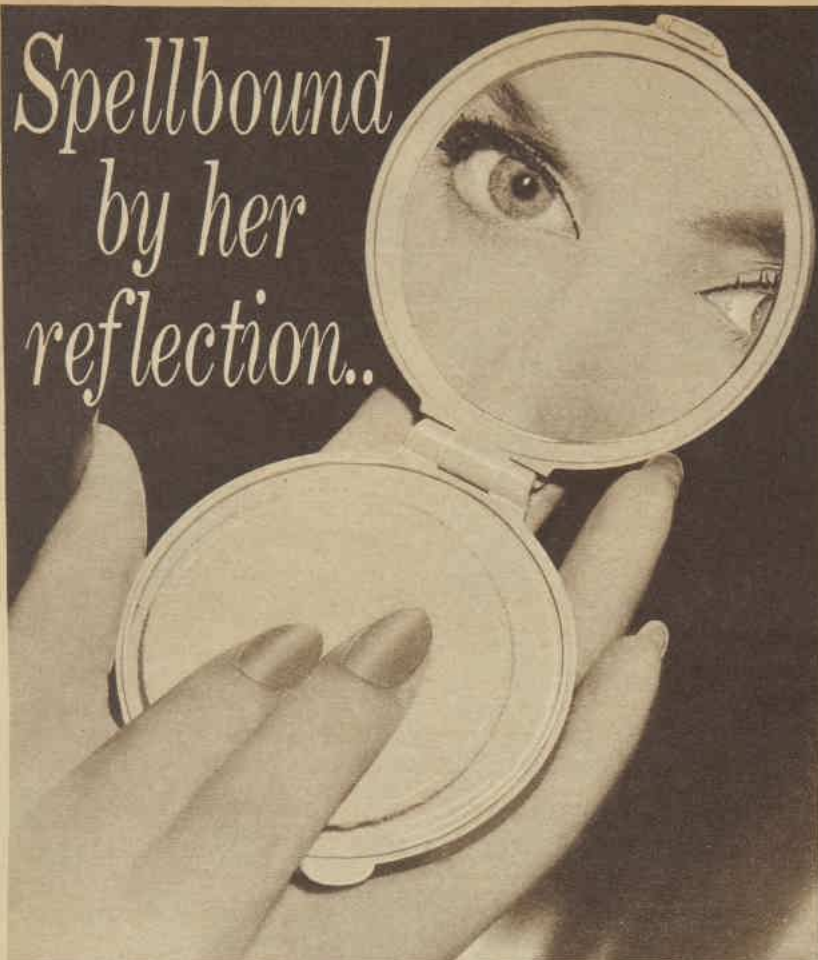
TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Cut lining to shape of knitting. Sew up side seams of knitting, over-sew tops to frame. Sew up side seams of lining, leave wrong side out. Slip into knitted bag, over-sew lining top neatly to frame.



MATCHING BAG and fringed jacket in colorful chunky wool. Frame for bag costs £1/10/-, wool 15/6. Directions left.

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FATHER



"Mind if I watch how you do it?
Nothing seems to grow for me."

MOTHER



"Mum, I'm bringing a few
friends home to tea."

It seems to me

IT would be a pity if the sketch "The Final Test," by Robin Bailey and Richard Wordsworth, at the recent "Night of Stars" in Sydney had only the one airing.

It was a high spot of a memorable show — a show in which actors and actresses from all the theatres currently playing in Sydney gave their services to aid the N.S.W. Cancer Patients Assistance Fund.

The sketch depicted two commentators, one English, one Australian, describing a Test match in that duologue style familiar to all cricket followers.

Richard Wordsworth (Mr. Justice Squeezum in "Lock Up Your Daughters") was the B.B.C. man; Robin Bailey (Professor Higgins in "My Fair Lady") was the Australian, by name Sydney Barnstaple. They wrote the sketch together.

Both of them were amusing, but a special tribute to the authenticity of "Sydney Barnstaple" was paid by Robert Helpmann, who, with Vivien Leigh, attended the show. "Who's the marvellous Australian?" asked Australia's Mr. Helpmann, not recognising his old acquaintance.

English Mr. Bailey has kept his eyes and ears open during his two and a half years in this country.

IF I were advising a small boy who wanted to become a rich man, I'd suggest that he consider the plumbing trade. (Present-day plumbers should read on before taking offence.)

This notion is based not on the current state of the plumbing trade but on its future.

It occurred to me after reading a story about the house that former U.S. Vice-President Nixon plans to build in California. There will be four bedrooms and seven bathrooms.

Though in favor of more than one bathroom, I must say that seven seems a generous ration.

Australia is still largely a one-bathroom country, though people who can afford it include two or three in their houses. But where America leads in these matters Australians follow.

Hence our hypothetical small boy ought to have plenty of work in the years ahead.

AFTER Ernest Hemingway died last week I, like thousands of others, spent a little while recalling some of his novels.

I remember sitting up late one night finishing "For Whom The Bell Tolls."

Dropping tears on the last few pages (Robert Jordan's dying speeches to Maria—"I go always with thee wherever thou goest . . . as long as there is one of us there is both of us"), I closed the book, made a cup of tea, and cried into that. Then I went to bed, and luxuriously cried myself to sleep.

Just now I looked up that last chapter to check the quotation. And, if I'd had the time to spare . . .



Dorothy Dearn

WHEN people abroad they often carry with them an idealised picture of the conditions they left behind.

I heard a good example the other night in a B.B.C. feature about tipping.

The speaker had made a study of tipping in England and had called in a Canadian and an unnamed Australian comment on conditions in their respective countries.

You should have heard Australian!

"Back home I only tip drivers," he said, adding

gressively, "I come from a country where workers don't have to cringe for their money. Australians consider tipping an insult."

Oh, sir, how long have you been away from your own land? A hundred years, perhaps?

It is true that there is far more tipping in England, but even in Australia—did this man never tip porters or drink waiters? Was game to dine at a restaurant without adding his 10, 12, or even 15 per cent. of the bill?

One must assume that he didn't drink travel before leaving home. Or carried his suitcases.

The same week that I heard this broadcast I read an American article on tipping. The author made the point that among the classes who do not expect tips are the assistants.

Which is true everywhere. Yet a girl who spends an hour dragging down every pair of shoes in the shop gives far more in service than many other people.

SHIRE councillors at Stroud, New South Wales, are reported to be worried because the new strip lighting on the Forster-Tuncurry bridge attracts fish which used to disperse into Lake Wal at night. Bridge anglers have good catches, but it's a long time between bites at the lake.

He was a bream and she was a bream, and she gave her a fishy smile.

And side by side on the rising tide they came together a while.

Then they started to chat of this and that and they turned from the open sea.

And, heading towards the tidal lake, he said "Come feed with me."

Their romance progressed — don't contradict and tell me that fish are cold —

They fell in love, these star-crossed bream (that's the tale I'm told).

By the bridge at night when the lights were bright she said, "It's ever so gay."

He preferred the dark, as he-bream do, but let her have her way.

Whatever she asked, that lady bream, the besotted swain agreed.

So under the bridge they cruised about nibbling at nice green weed.

Then—you guessed her fate—she swallowed bait and he cried, "Ah, woe is me."

And broken-hearted that lonely bream swam back to the open sea.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 19, 1961

Page 13

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AWF461

WORTH REPORTING

THE French electronic wrinkle-removing machine winked a red eye at us. Monsieur K. of a Sydney ultra-modern beauty institute explained its use by firstly analysing, frankly, the wrinkles on our face.

"Now, zis crow's-foot is a simple wrinkle," he said "but zis crevas — pardon — crevice or crease is something more serious, yes! We have ze great success with wrinkles and" — encouragingly — "sometimes with ze light-seated creases."

Monsieur pointed out that his machine — part of an electronic face-lifting course (from 23 guineas) — did not banish wrinkles or creases entirely. Nor could it tackle "necks—impossible!"

It aimed to leave light lines in place of the "canals" and it could, in conjunction with the full course, smooth 33 years off the skin of an 80-year-old woman, he said.

Results were not quite so spectacular with the younger woman.

Switching on the machine, Monsieur demonstrated how the tiny nozzle, attached to a tube, "went deep into ze wrinkle, gently easing it out."

"Like suction?" we caught on brightly. Monsieur was mortified. "Pleese, Madame, please not to mention vacuum-cleaner in ze same breath as zis negative-air pressure machine from France."

Anyway, we decided, catching glimpses of anonymous, lucky, booth-secluded ladies getting the "full" treatment—turtle oil massages for dry skins, Vitamin E Pack facials—this sort of thing must be mighty easy to take.

"It is, it IS," agreed Monsieur, "ask ze 'usbands and brothers of my pupils in my special three months' beauticians' course. Ze girls practise facial massage on ze men at 'ome and ze men love it. "When zere is no model to practise on I tell ze girls to massage zere knee."

Attractive Claire Rise, who is taking the course, said: "I always practise on my mother or my knee."

All of which must make for beautiful men, mothers, AND knees.



Yolande (Mrs. Peter) Finch and Samantha.

The experts didn't know . . .

TWO mothers who are fed up with the experts—U.S. author Winifred Woofe and Yolande (Mrs. Peter) Finch.

Winifred flew into London recently to see how her new book, "If A Man Answers," is selling—and wept. Not at the lack of sales, but because she had to leave her nine-weeks-old son back in the U.S.

Said Winifred: "The experts told me this was the best time for a mother to leave her baby. He wouldn't miss me, they said. They didn't tell me how much I'd miss him."

Yolande, down with German measles, has been kissing and cuddling the Finchs' year-old daughter Samantha in an effort to give her the measles. The experts say it is best for a daughter to have her German measles comparatively mildly when young.

Reflects Yolande: "I've kissed Samantha until she wondered what was going on, and she still hasn't caught them. It would be just my luck if the Nanny caught it instead."

★ ★ ★
OVERHEARD in a London flower market: "I'll 'ave a box of them up there. What d'yer call them?"

"'Love-lies-bleeding.'"
"I'll 'ave a box all the same."

Broomsticks sometimes sing

STRUMMING a bush guitar made from an oil-drum, broomstick, wire, and safety-pins, and singing "I Belong To Glasgow" (with Scottish brogue) will be colorful aboriginal personality Peter Doolan at a civic ceremony in Martin Place, Sydney, on Friday, July 14.

Peter is one of 10 successful aboriginal contestants in the recent N.S.W. aboriginal talent quest who will perform at the ceremony as part of the National Aborigine Observance Day celebrations.

Winner of the quest, which will be a future annual event, is tenor-voiced, 40-year-old Charles Edwards, of Purfleet (N.S.W.). Peter, a handyman on the Purfleet reserve, and his wife care for two aboriginal State ward children.

Noted Australian composer John Antill selected the winners from more than 50 entries collected for him on tape recordings by members of the National Aborigine Observance Day committee.

Co-operating in the celebrations, Airlines of N.S.W. Pty. Ltd. is sponsoring seven return flights for the aboriginal musicians, flying them to Sydney from as far as Walgett and Moree in northern N.S.W.

"Of all the delightful vices that make life worth living, lying in bed while everybody else is up and bustling about is perfect. There is, of course, no pleasure in lying abed while everybody is moving in a state of happy oblivion."—Commander Ibbett in a B.B.C. programme.

At one with the cows

"I JUST love cows. I could not bear to be apart from them," said Mrs. Margaret Peers, of Badgery Creek, N.S.W. She was explaining why she is so happy in her job of running a milk relief service, in which she takes complete charge of dairy farms while the farmer takes a holiday.

"Cows are individuals with distinct personalities," said Mrs. Peers. "They are emotional and prone to tension. In my job, working among strange herds, it is essential for me to have an understanding and affinity with each cow."

In England, her home, which Mrs. Peers revisited in 1959, this relief dairy farmer is known as a mobile herds-woman. In fact, a herds-woman from one of these units, which operate in every dairying area in Great Britain, will soon join her staff.

Mrs. Peers brought the dairy relief idea back to Australia and attempted to "go it alone" for four hard-working months.

Since then she has engaged three fellow experts — ex-British Land Army Girl Miss Rota Thomas, Miss Thomas' mother (who was awarded an M.B.E. for services to British agriculture), and one lone male, Mr. Henry Barton.

Working the farms single or in pairs, the four milk cows, drive tractors, rear calves, look after bulls, and even attend to household pets and poultry for periods of one to six weeks.

★ ★ ★
A NUMBER of American families at Lakenheath U.S. air base, Suffolk, Eng., have two telephones per house, says Mr. J. Spellacy, the Cambridge telephone area's sales manager.

One is for adults, the other for the children.

YOUR BOOKSHELF with JOYCE HALSTEAD

"Island of Terrible Friends"

Bill Strutton (Hodder and Stoughton). 22/6.

Such crazy, mad adventure as this could happen only in wartime. The island is Vis, a small craggy rock off the Dalmatian coast. The "terrible friends" are Yugoslav partisans of Tito and British troops, notably commandos who, in World War II, together held the island in face of constant bombardment from Germans on nearby islands. Into this hotspot came Rickett, British medical officer, who had volunteered for special duty, to set up a hospital with equipment improvised or scrounged. Base stores at Bari, Italy, regarded Vis as a losing battle.

On Vis, Rickett found another M.O.—Roberts, just graduated but working round the clock doing every possible type of surgery, helped by Zena, an all-powerful, beautiful partisan. Danger united the "terrible friends," whose viewpoints and temperaments so differed. It became the custom for all types to gather for parties in

Rickett's mess. Rickett had never been so happy than at this peak of danger. Life was so exciting on Vis, in fact, that one crazy Australian airman who had force-landed there wangled a stretch of leave back on the island. Australian author Strutton has handled extremely well the wealth of vivid material he has gathered for his story.

"Borrow The Spring"

Poems by Amy Cumpston (Edwards & Shaw, Sydney). 15/-.

Deeply sensitive and expressive are these poems which mirror life in general, and Australian life in particular. Amy Cumpston analyses life's essence in words of beauty and perception. Her range of subjects is wide — an epic poem on William Lane, who, with Dame Mary Gilmore as a follower, went to found a Utopia in Paraguay; contemplative, descriptive poems as "Yachts on Sydney Harbor" or "Botany Bay"; wry comments on suburban life and delicate love poems.

New!

Betty Sydney



Deluxe
**Honey
Coconut**
CAKE MIX



The most scrumptious taste... moist-tender texture... and lasting oven-freshness. From the Test kitchens of Betty Sydney comes the finest SUPREME cake mix ever perfected — NEW Betty Sydney *Deluxe* cake mix! Betty Sydney has discovered the secret of deep-blending, selecting only the finest sifted flour... superfine sugar... smoothest creamy shortenings — and delicate flavourings. For cake you serve with pride, look for the most tempting pack on the shelf... the pack with the red spoon on it.



Honey
Coconut



Coffee
Gateau



Chocolate



Ginger Nut
Crunch



Passionfruit
Crunch



Orange
Blossom



Vanilla
Swansdown

The new *Deluxe* cake mix family with the new moist secret!



Guess who
had a Weet-Bix breakfast
this morning?

She knows the right way to start off a chilly winter's morning — with Weet-Bix and HOT milk! This energy-rich breakfast sparks young and old with new warmth and vitality. Made with essential Vitamin B1 and pure rich malt, Weet-Bix is especially good for active children... gives them the elements they need for sturdy growth and good health.

GIANT-SIZE "Birds and Animals" picture plates! These really big colour plates show Australia's most fascinating birds and animals. Free with Weet-Bix and other favourite Sanitarium cereals. Albums available — send 1/- postal note to the Sanitarium office in your State.



WEET-BIX

Australia's most popular breakfast biscuit



DISTINGUISHED VISITORS. The Lord Chief Justice of England, Lord Parker, and Lady Parker chatting with the Deputy Lord Mayor, Alderman Frank J. Dixon (centre), at the civic reception at the Town Hall to welcome visitors to Sydney for the Australian Law Council's Twelfth Biennial Convention. Lady Parker wore a mink stole with her beige wool suit and matching pillbox hat.

BEIGE delustrated satin evening gown with a beaded neckline was worn by Mrs. Roy McCaughey, arriving at the Town Hall with her husband for the opening of the Australian Law Council Convention by the Governor, Sir Eric Woodward. The function was attended by more than 1600 guests.



AT the Town Hall. From left, Mrs. Kenneth Cohen, of Pymble, Mr. and Mrs. John Davies, of Castlecrag, Mrs. Reg Marr, of St. Ives, and Mr. Kenneth Cohen were among guests at the brilliant opening of the Australian Law Council Convention. Mrs. Cohen wore black moire; Mrs. Davies was in black lace; and Mrs. Marr's smoke-grey peau de soie evening gown was set off with a lace bolero.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By
MARY COLES

THRILLS are in store for polo enthusiasts on July 21, 22, and 23, when ten teams compete for the Countess of Dudley Cup at the Polo Grounds at Warwick Farm Racecourse.

County, Scone, Wellington, and Goulburn will be represented by both A and B teams, captained by Mr. Hector King, Mr. Hugh Deakin, Mr. Ken Mackay, Mr. Jim Thompson, Mr. John Barton, Mr. David Sutherland, Mr. Jim Bell, and Mr. John Gorman.

The Quirindi team will be led by Mr. Sinclair Hill, and Mr. John Boyd is captaining Toompang.

Mr. Jim Maple-Brown, of "Springfield," Goulburn, will be "umpire-in-chief" at the matches.

The tournament will end on a gay note with the presentation of the cup at Skelley's Roadhouse, Hume Highway, where the president of the N.S.W. Polo Association, Mr. Frank Bragg, and Mrs. Bragg will entertain at an after-polo party on July 23.

County's final practice match at the club ground at Rossmore on Sunday, July 16, will attract lots of spectators combining studying last-minute "cup form" with a picnic-luncheon outing.

Incidentally, the president of County, Mr. Reg. Farrell, and his wife and their daughters, Shayne and Romayne, who sold their old home, "Birling," Bringley, about six months ago, have bought a smaller property at Cobbinity.

They've named it "Yarraman" — an aboriginal word for horse — and are looking forward to settling in there when the very old, tiny sandstone cottage on the property has been enlarged.

AUSTRALIAN film star John Meillon and his wife, formerly June Salter, are naming their infant son John to keep up a Meillon family tradition that the eldest son of the eldest son is always John. His paternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Theo Meillon, have sent him a silver napkin ring as a traditional family gift to eldest sons. June's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Salter, got in early with their present, a complete layette before his arrival. Mrs. Salter chose an all-white theme for the tiny garments, which were threaded with lemon ribbon — so there would be no pink-for-a-girl, blue-for-a-boy problems to iron out afterwards. Little John's father was filming in Spain with Peter Ustinov when the baby was born recently in London, where the Meillons have just moved to a new flat in Finchley Road, near Hampstead.

I HEAR Mr. and Mrs. Bill Day, of "Yanterilla," Tubbul, have named their second daughter Katherine Mary—but they're calling her Kate.

THE United Kingdom High Commissioner,

Sir William Oliver, confesses that helping to muster 350 head of cattle in the Kimberleys, when he and Lady Oliver made an overnight stay with Mr. and Mrs. Doug Blythe at "Mount House" on Glenroy Station, was one of the biggest thrills of his recent 8000-mile tour of the outback. Sir William, who was a crack horseman in his soldiering days, modestly insists he was given a quiet horse—the first he had ridden in Australia. And he wasn't a bit stiff after the ride! He and Lady Oliver took in the muster as a part of their interest in seeing how "Air Beef" operates, from start to finish. The latter meant flying in an aircraft with freshly killed beef carcasses as fellow passengers!

SUCH a superb diamond cluster ring sets the seal on the engagement of Mr. Peter Gilkes and Mrs. Judith Shand, the widow of the late Mr. Jack Shand, Q.C. They're planning to be married in December, but haven't yet decided whether they will live in Mr. Gilkes' home at Mosman or elsewhere after their marriage. Mrs. Shand says she is too busy coping with the sale of the two houses she has in Boolarong Rd., St. Ives, to think of a future address yet.

THE Sydney University Dramatic Society is presenting "The Birthday Party" on July 14, 15, and 17 at the Wallace Theatre, and in his leading role of Stanley in the play Arthur Dignam has to eat fried bread—an item of food he really loathes! To soften the blow of his sacrifice for art, Elizabeth Laver will be busy backstage with a spirit stove so that it will at least be fresh-fried.

SEEING "The Irregular Verb To Love," Margaret and Hugh Williams' latest play in the West End, was a "must" for Penelope Sutherland before leaving London for home. Mrs. Williams (Sydney's Margaret Vyner in her single days) is an old friend of Penelope's mother, Mrs. Adrian Sutherland, of Bathurst, and Penelope was received with "open arms" by the Williams' when she visited them on several occasions at "Gosses," their attractive house in the grounds of Birchgrove Manor, Haywards Heath, Sussex, the country home of the British Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Macmillan, and Lady Dorothy Macmillan. Penelope says that Margaret—the mother of three children, Hugo, aged 19, Simon, 14, and Pollyanna, 12—still looks incredibly young and beautiful.

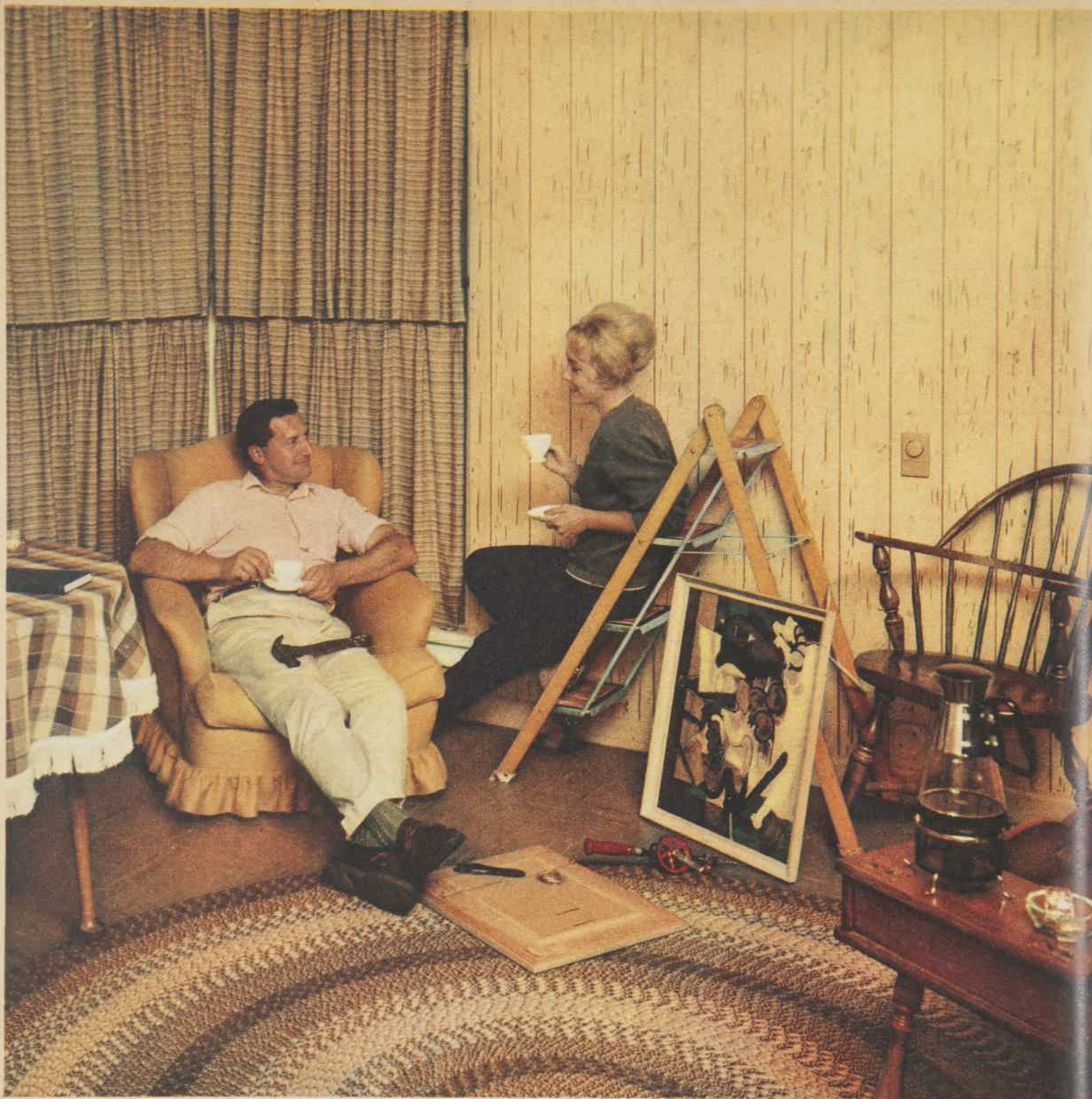


ABOARD DEWARUTH. Commander Noel Sanderson, of H.M.A.S. *Warrego* (on the left), with Commander Philip Wood, R.N., and his wife were among guests at the reception given by the captain of the Indonesian barquentine, Commander Rudy Poerwanna. Mrs. Wood chose a black satin theatre coat for the party.



JUST WED. Mr. Richard Colwell, of "Kirkcaldie," Coonamble, and his bride, formerly Miss Grace Hull, were married at the Presbyterian Church, Ashfield. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Hull, of "Lenore," Coonamble, who entertained friends at Amory after the ceremony.

RECENT arrivals from Vancouver Mr. and Mrs. Barrie Ford chatting with Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Daly (couple on the right) at the reception at the Pickwick Club given by the Commercial Counsellor for Canada, Mr. Stanley Allen, and Mrs. Allen to celebrate Canada's National Day. Mrs. Ford wore a white fur hat with her turquoise-blue silk frock, and Mrs. Daly was in a black velvet dinner frock.



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how it's made, tastes so fresh,
so friendly, so completely satisfying.

NESCAFÉ



M'LUD STOLE THE SHOW

By NAN MUSGROVE

● My TV bouquet of the week goes to the Lord Chief Justice of England, Lord Parker of Waddington, for his address at the opening of the Law Convention at Sydney Town Hall.

It was half an hour of splendid entertainment, informative and absorbing.

It is probably heresy to speak of show business and the Lord Chief Justice in the same breath, but few showmen could have given such a notable TV half-hour.

Lord Parker was faced with an audience of brother jurists, seated row after row in Sydney's Town Hall on a cold, wintry night.

The lawmen were all accompanied by their ladies which meant that Lord Parker had to pitch his address low enough to interest them and at the same time high enough to satisfy his critical fellows. He also had to overcome the hazard of a bank of TV cameras and the thought of a big TV audience.

He fulfilled every requirement. His address was delightful, witty, and completely satisfying.

As a televiewer untutored in law he told me all I'd have asked. What his exalted office entailed, what his work was, when he did it, the perks he gets that date back to Dick Whittington.

Lord Parker, bewigged, wore his scarlet robes and his gorgeous chain of office over his mantle. The chain is four pounds weight of pure gold, fashioned in a lovely pattern.

Using himself as a model, Lord Parker told a fascinating story of the origin and beginnings of the robes and wigs and other paraphernalia worn in court.

Lord Parker opened his address by mentioning the advice given by a mother whale to her son: "Remember, son, it's when you spout your harpoon." I was sorry when

Lord Parker's address ended, but remembering this I feel it's time I finished.

When brother fought brother

"THE BLUE AND THE GRAY," Channel 9's new show, looks as if it could be good, although it is hard to say surely after one episode.

The title "The Blue and the Gray" refers to the opposing armies in the American Civil War, which began just 100 years ago.

The heroes of the TV show are Ben Canfield (Darryl Hickman) and his brother, Jeff (Dick Davalos). The brothers are in their early 20s and although devoted to each other they hold conflicting views on the struggle between the Union and the Confederacy.

Ben enlists to fight with the Union Army, the Blues. Jeff joins the Confederate Army, the Grays. Their story is told against the colorful and tragic background of the Civil War.

"The Blue and the Gray"



DARRYL HICKMAN
"The Blues"

has everything to make it good TV. At present I'm still confused about it. Whether this is my fault or the producer's, I don't know, but it's probably mine. I'm not hep to the Civil War—not sufficiently familiar to identify everyone immediately by his uniform—and I was so confused by Ben Canfield at first that it was just plain silly.

Ben Canfield is played by Darryl Hickman, who, you may or may not know, is Dwayne (Dobie Gillis) Hickman's big brother. When you know this, the boys really look alike, except that Darryl is as dark as Dobie is fair. To the detriment of the show, I kept thinking of him as Dobie in disguise.

To get back to those uniforms; if you're as unfamiliar as I am with the Civil War uniforms, the Blues are the northerners or damyankees (depending on your University) and wear rather nice caps with a flat top and a visor; the Grays are the Confederation of Southern States and wear wide-brimmed hats, rather like today's TV Texas Rangers. Get it?

I just remembered—another



DICK DAVALOS
"The Grays"

familiar face turned up in the first episode, John McIntire, cast as the Canfields' father. (Mum's dead before the start.) He made a brave showing and died gracefully before the boys enlisted.

McIntire is a great man at TV dying. He is probably best remembered as Lieutenant Muldoon, the boss detective in the early "Naked City" series.

He was built up as a terrific character, but he got sick of the show.

He has a big ranch in Wyoming and spends the greater part of his time there, but found the constant travelling to New York to film "Naked City" was too tiring.

He asked to be written out of the series as soon as possible—to the dismay of the writers and producer.

They were fiddling with this awkward problem when McIntire came up with the perfect solution. He asked to be killed and he was—gunned down in a most spectacular running fight with a criminal. But he was glad, and as soon as he "died" he retired to live happily in Wyoming.

Now he's got another big commitment—he's the new wagon master in "Wagon Train," replacing popular Ward Bond, who died suddenly some months ago.

Glamor that's not needed

"JUMPIN' FOR JOYE,"

Channel 9's recent big spectacular, was as smooth a production as the other two Joye specials have been.

It featured all the young Australians who Channel 9, Brian Henderson (the show's



● Wiggled and gowned, Lord Parker of Waddington, Lord Chief Justice of England, addresses the Convention of the Law Council of Australia in Sydney Town Hall.

efficient young compere), and Mr. Joye himself chose as Australia's top teenage entertainers.

But there was no brilliance about it, and I was so dismayed at what has happened to Miss Patsy Anne Noble—a notable singer on her way up the TV tree—that this impression quite swamped everything else.

I met Patsy Anne about a year ago, when I spent an interesting Saturday afternoon at "Bandstand." Brian Henderson introduced me to her and I watched her sing "Sorry" on one of her first starring spots.

She looked what she was—sweet sixteen—in a simple rose-printed cotton dress and her hair tied back with a ribbon.

I've watched her since on various occasions and have been slightly put off by the pseudo-sophistication of her dress, but on the Joye show it really was dismaying.

Patsy Anne, now a ripe old 17, was got up like a nightclub queen. She wore floating chiffons allied to gold lame and dresses in other transparent materials made in designs that were, I think, supposed to be both provocative and alluring. They did nothing but hide Patsy's real self.

At the end of the show Patsy did a number with the Allen Brothers, in which she wore a musical comedy kitchen dress and apron that became her better and allowed her own very real charm to be noticed.

Simplicity is appealing, and it seems a shame when you've got the age and sweetness that make it really something not to emphasise it.

In the show I most enjoyed the Delltones and ballad singer Lionel Long. And congratulations to the cameraman who showed us close-ups of the Giant Delltone. He has such a nice face and nice sense of humor that we should see more of him.

★★★ THE CRUCIBLE

With spine-chilling realism this French adaptation of Arthur Miller's tragic play brings to the screen the infamous Salem, Massachusetts, witch-hunts in 1692. Yves Montand and Simone Signoret give fine performances as the farmer, John Proctor, and his wife, Elizabeth, chief victims of the fanatical and powerful clerics who make the witch-hunts an excuse to suppress rebellious farmers. As the vengeful servant girl Abigail, Mylene Demongeot acts powerfully, particularly in the hysterical trial scenes.—Savoy, Sydney.

In a word . . . TERRIFYING.

★★★ BUTTERFIELD 8

Liz Taylor is dynamic as Gloria, the callgirl of John O'Hara's book. Her vital, memorable performance, for which she won an Academy

New
Films

With Miriam Fowler

★★★ Excellent ★★ Above average
★ Average No star—poor

Award, reduces her co-stars to extras. Earthy and fun-loving, Gloria revels in popularity, not caring who gets hurt, until she meets Liggett (Laurence Harvey), an executive bored with his socialite wife. A frank script keeps pace with this daring plot.—St. James, Sydney.

In a word . . . POWERFUL.

★★ SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD

From an enveloping glimpse of the Sphinx—sole remaining ancient wonder of the original seven—this Cinemascope No. 3 (released here after

Cinemascope No. 4) leapfrogs the globe, chasing today's scenic wonders. A historical, classical, and biblical commentary accompanies thrilling tours of the East, Europe, and the Americas, taking in Watutsi dancing in the Congo and the first (breath-taking) inside camera shots of St. Peter's, Rome. Viewer-illusion of being there is sustained throughout.—Plaza, Sydney.

In a word . . . ABSORBING.

★ THE GALLANT HOURS

This semi-documentary of the 1942 Guadalcanal cam-

paign is for men. Blow-for-blow detail of moves planned by American Admiral Bill Halsey and his Japanese counterpart—each surrounded by his advisers—is of tactical and historical interest. James Cagney makes an impressive Halsey.—Esquire, Sydney.

In a word . . . FACTUAL.

THE Brentwood bungalow, which director Richard Quine built as a set for "Strangers When We Meet," starring Kim Novak and Kirk Douglas, with the dream of using it later as a honeymoon home for himself and Kim Novak, has been sold to the highest bidder. Bobby Darin's manager, Steve Blauner, bought the house. Kim and Mr. Quine are still carrying on their romance, but felt the house would only prompt memories of the days when their affection for each other flickered and almost burnt out.

Movie Gossip

LIFE in the film industry is very difficult for Juliet Mills—according to Juliet Mills. Her father is John Mills, an actor who has had a large share of leading roles in major British films for the past two decades; her younger sister is 15-year-old Hayley, who launched her acclaimed career in "Tiger Bay." When Juliet arrived on the set of "No, My Darling Daughter," she became phase three in the Mills movie-acting saga. But to Juliet, her screen debut presented a frightening problem. "I started at a tremendous disadvantage," she said. "People expect so much more of you when you come from an acting family, particularly

when your younger sister has had such a tremendous success." With "No, My Darling Daughter" now completed, Juliet is waiting for audience reaction: Although her first screen venture, the 19-year-old actress starred in the stage success "Five Finger Exercise."

JUDY GARLAND'S small role in "Judgment At Nuremberg"—which the star accepted after eight years away from the screen—has triggered off her come-back. The singer-actress has already signed to co-star with Bing Crosby in "By the Beautiful Sea" and star in "The Lonely Stage," to be filmed in London.



So Susan paid up

● "Modern Screen," the American film fan magazine, recently received a 3000 dollar (£A1500) cheque made out to Florence Marrener — actress Susan Hayward's 52-year-old sister.

FLORANCE, penniless and destitute, had sold her story to the magazine.

In it she said that Miss Hayward had

● Actress Susan Hayward and husband lawyer Floyd Chalkley at a Hollywood nightspot.

refused to help her financially, even when, some years ago, the Los Angeles county authorities took away her newborn baby girl because she didn't have the money to care for her properly.

The cheque to "Modern Screen" was signed by Susan Hayward.

Susan and her wealthy husband, lawyer Floyd Chalkley, live on a luxury estate in Carrollton, Georgia.

SINCE Clark Gable's death his widow, Kay, has received over 15,000 fan letters about her baby, John Clark. Mrs. Gable says she has answered about 2000 letters, but can't keep up the pace, so she may give permission for a 150-page book about Clark and his son to be published.

★ ★ ★
LATER this year England's Hammer Films Productions Ltd., horror specialists, will produce a remake of that Hollywood classic "The Phantom of the Opera," which has been filmed twice before. The film first appeared as a silent movie, then as a talkie with Nelson Eddy, Jeanette MacDonald, and Claude Rains. A completely new musical score is being written for the picture.

★ ★ ★
A SWISS film company is producing "Eichmann and the Third Reich" — which will include scenes taken at his trial in Israel. Erwin Leiser is the man behind the project, and profits from the film will be distributed among Jewish charities. Fifty German cinemas will be among the world's first to see the documentary.

★ ★ ★
TROUBLE is brewing in the Rhonda Fleming and Lang Jeffries household. While the actress was at a sanatorium losing some weight for an eight-week summer tour of "Private Lives," Lang took an unknown starlet out and Rhonda found out about it.

★ ★ ★
DANNY KAYE and Sophia Loren will star opposite each other for the first time in "Five Pieces of Maria," an original story, to be filmed in Europe.

★ ★ ★
MAXIMILLIAN SCHELL gave Nancy Kwan, star of "The World of Suzie Wong"—currently showing in Australia—a gold cigarette lighter for her birthday. On the lighter was inscribed, "I Love You," in Chinese. Schell presented Miss Kwan with the gift at a big party he arranged at Ah Fong's exclusive Chinese restaurant in Beverly Hills.

★ ★ ★
BECAUSE of a practical joker, a new phone number has just been assigned to Debbie Reynolds. The crank called Debbie at 4 a.m. and told her the 6 a.m. call for "Star of the West" had been brought forward to 4.30. Debbie hustled over to the studio to find everything in darkness.

★ ★ ★
BOBBOY DARIN and Sandra Dee have admitted they're expecting a baby, but, true to style, refuse to talk about it. A close friend says Bobby wants to call the child Robert Eugene if it's a boy. If it's a girl, the couple have no idea what they'll call her.

★ ★ ★
LANA TURNER'S daughter, Cheryl, has found a romantic interest. He is Max Baer, jun., son of the former prizefighter. When recently seen at Dino's Lodge nightclub, on the Sunset Strip, with young Baer, she announced she was looking for a summer vacation job, and intended renting her own apartment. The statuesque teenager, now a blonde like her mother, attends classes at Santa Monica City College.

★ ★ ★
JOHNN WAYNE'S most prized possession is the battered and film-scarred cowboy hat he has worn through the years because of his superstition that it gives him luck. Wayne recently lent it to Sammy Davis, Jr., to wear in Frank Sinatra's first Western, "Badlands." "I just want Sammy to know how much I think of him," Wayne said.



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SHOW BUSINESS



“Danger Man”

IF PATRICK MCGOOHAN, John Drake of TV's "Danger Man" (above), were an American instead of a British star, he'd be ballyhooed as swoon material all over the globe. Yet there he is, real swoon material, and unless you are an avid fan who likes late viewing you'd probably never know about him. McGoochan, 33, is Irish, which probably explains his quiet charm. He is married to Joan Drummond, and they have two daughters, Catherine, 7, and Elizabeth, 1. His hobbies are squash, mountain climbing, carpentry, architecture, theology, writing, making 16mm films, and "sorting the mess on my desk when it won't hold any more"—all of them, he says, "in spasms."

—Nan Musgrove



STAR Patrick McGoochan with Sarah Lawson in a "Danger Man" episode.

Can friends criticise your most-noticed room?

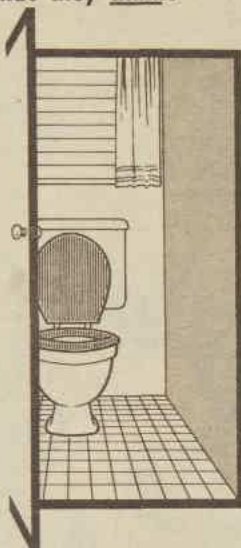


Your friends may not talk about your toilet,
but can you be sure what they think?

Now, there's a new, easy
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fresh and bright—HARPIC!

Just sprinkle Harpic in the
toilet last thing every night
and flush away in the morn-
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that lime-scale caused by
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entire toilet bowl is kept
sparkling and hygienically
clean. And being delicately
perfumed, Harpic keeps
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sweet-smelling.

Ask for Harpic at your store.



Harpic is made specially for cleansing all sewered
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Harpic cleans round the S-bend—where no brush can
reach! It cleans more thoroughly above, as well as
below, the water, because Harpic stays on the sides
of the bowl, cleansing and disinfecting all night long.
When flushed away next morning, the entire porcelain
is sparkling clean.

HARPIC REGD.
TOILET CLEANSER

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manageable.

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The cream vanishes, only the glow remains.
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ters must be original, not
previously published.
Preference is given to
letters with signatures.

Wearing the pants

IT makes me boil to hear any wife referred to as "the one
who wears the pants." Very few girls go into marriage
with the idea of running the show. They anticipate taking
over the domestic management, but expect their husbands to
attend to business matters. When the man shirks his responsi-
bilities, the wife is forced to assume them—if there's to be
any order in their lives. Their reward for adopting a course
repugnant to them is to be known by that obnoxious title—
"the one who wears the pants."

£1/1/- to "It's Not Fair" (name supplied), Strathalbyn,
S.A.

Mum is still the boss

RECENTLY I accompanied a friend on a visit to one of her
married daughters. While there, her son-in-law rang to ask
if he could invite some friends to dinner one evening. His wife,
the mother of two young children, said, "Wait while I see
what Mum says." The verdict was, "No, indeed, you have
enough to do and you're too tired to entertain in the eve-
nings." Daughter repeated, "Mum says I'm too tired" over
the phone. My friend's other daughter, the mother of a small
boy, once told me she'd have loved more children, but Mum
said, "No." These women are in their thirties and have been
married for about ten years.

£1/1/- to "How's That!" (name supplied), Kew, Vic.

Baby rolls to get there

IS my little granddaughter unusual in her crawling habits?
At nine months she hasn't any idea how to crawl—but rolls
over and over to get where she wants to go. She laughs and
thinks it great fun.

£1/1/- to "Grandma" (name supplied), Arno Bay, S.A.

The reward of industry

FOR 12 months my husband worked at two jobs — a
total time of 80 hours a week. With the money we
saved, we managed to buy our own home and move from our
one-room accommodation. Many people have since told me
it was unfair that one person should have two jobs while
others did not even have one. I sympathise with those out
of work, but feel proud of our achievement — something
which couldn't be obtained without the extra money. I can't
feel sorry for those who live in flats and rooms and con-
stantly moan about the luckiness of those who own homes.
I feel the reason they can't better their own positions is
laziness.

£1/1/- to "Earn Home" (name supplied), Croydon Park,
N.S.W.

Is it hereditary?

MY husband has a patch of white hair, which appeared over-
night a week after our engagement, over his right ear.
Now my eight-month-old daughter has an identical patch in
the same spot. She was born with her patch and, incidentally,
resembles her father very much. Has anyone heard of this
type of thing before?

£1/1/- to "Wondering" (name supplied), North Adelaide,
S.A.

Co-ed schools

"TRACEY" (N.S.W.) questions the advisability of
co-education. I am in favor of it. Until the Inter-
mediate, I attended a co-ed in a country town. None of
the girls would have dreamed of dating boys. Admit-
tedly, we had our eyes on someone "special" among the
older boys, but our eyes were as far as we got. At the
all-girls' High I later attended in the city, I was the only
girl without a boy-friend.

£1/1/- to "Co-ed For Me" (name supplied), East
Balmain, N.S.W.

CO-ED in primary school—yes, but definitely not in
secondary school, when one is so easily distracted by
the opposite sex. If one child hasn't a beau and the
others are "going steady" it's very upsetting.

£1/1/- to "But Definitely" (name supplied), Rose-
ville, N.S.W.

THE result of my daughter's co-educational schooling
in England from the age of 11 is a level-headed and
sensible attitude toward boys. She accepted boys as
part and parcel of school life. If both sexes grow up
side by side, it's a healthy way of making them unself-
conscious of each other.

£1/1/- to Mrs. C. Wheat, North Bondi, N.S.W.

IN principle, co-education is marvellous, provided it
begins in kindergarten and continues through primary
school. It is too great a strain to thrust boys and girls
together just as they are beginning to be interested in
each other.

£1/1/- to "Separation" (name supplied), Balgowlah,
N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

THE radio said: "Wah—I
think Cowdrey is—wah
—"

We were listening to the Test
match.

"I wish it didn't go wah when
something exciting happens," my
wife said.

"You're too fussy!" I told her.
There is always a wah at critical
moments in Test broadcasts from
England. It is part of the fun, wait-
ing to see what the wah was for.

Test cricket brings radio back to
something of its old-time glory.

People incline to regard it now as
the poor relation of TV. But when
the big matches are on, good old
radio leads the way, or the wah.

We have a small transistor set, and
I must say it's handy.

My son has the old one in his bed-
room. Its tone has never been the
same since someone poked a pencil
through the speaker. It goes brrrrrr
when a saucer is put on the elec-
tric stove. But it can still get rock-
n-roll. Old radios never die; they
just go into children's bedrooms.

The radio is king at breakfast,
when the TV people are still in bed.
Those morning radio announcers

GOOD EVENING, LISTENERS

do a grand job of telling you the
time. Some of them even put half-
minutes in. They have their little
faults — I wish they wouldn't call
Sydney "Sydney Town" — but I
couldn't catch a train without them.
I like news broadcasts, too, and
always listen when they play that



tune that comes first — *Doo doo,
dumtum doodle, doo, diddle-iddle
oo.*

It makes you think something in-
teresting might have happened,
though it turns out to be just an-
other row with Mr. Krushchoff.
(News readers say Mr. Khrushchev's
name like a sneeze.)

Where music on the radio is con-
cerned, we have arguments at home.

I don't care for those jiggling songs
where a young man calls a girl
"muh hern-uh." My favorites are
the hearty items they play before
Kindergarten of the Air, like *You
Get No Bread With One Meat Ball.*

The Eastern music that interrupts
the Test cricket is hard to like—
that whang-tang hee-haw stuff. But
I suppose people in the East suffer
just as much when their music is
interrupted by cricket.

One of the best times for listen-
ing is in the small hours of the morn-
ing. The all-night announcers make
you feel you belong to a secret, dash-
ing sort of club, composed of shift
workers, night nurses, and revellers
returning from parties, when actually
you are only giving the baby her
bottle.

Yes, dear old radio, you're a
friendly gadget.

But for goodness' sake switch off
the September Song, somebody. I
can't stand that poor old chap moan-
ing because he's got to give up
romance for rheumatism. See if you
can find some Richard Tauber.

(Where would radio be without
him?)



WHY TELL HIM
IT'S MAKE-UP...
HE'S CONVINCED
IT'S YOU

And it is you . . .
your complexion
perfected by the
lasting loveliness
of delicate color.
Just choose your
shade from eight
beautifully blended
'Touch-and-Glow'
skin tones . . . and
watch the lovely
new glow come over
your complexion.

Luxurious Liquid Make-up
Matching Face Powder

'Touch & Glow' by Revlon



● Jacqueline Lee Bouvier was 22 when, fresh from Vassar College and the Sorbonne, and summer vacations travelling in Europe, she took a job. She became the Inquiring Camera Girl on a Washington newspaper.

The courting of a career girl

IT was Christmas, 1951. A journalist acquaintance had recommended her to Frank Waldrop, editor of the Washington "Times-Herald," saying, "She's round-eyed, clever, and wants to go into journalism. Will you see her?"

Waldrop would. Jacqueline went to his office. "Do you want to go into journalism, or do you want to hang around here until you get married?" asked the editor sternly.

"No, sir," replied Jacqueline humbly. "I want to make a career."

"Well, if you're serious, I'll be serious," Waldrop continued more amiably. He told her to come back after the Christmas holidays. "Don't you come to me in six months and say you're engaged!" was the newsman's parting shot.

"No, sir," murmured Jacqueline.

The newspaper had published an Inquiring Photographer column for years, written and photographed by a man. The editor had always wanted a girl reporter to take over.

The job consisted of photographing eight or ten people daily and writing their answers to human-interest as well as topical-interest questions. It was not merely comment on the news that was wanted, but rather more insight into the way that people felt.

Jacqueline assured the editor that she could handle a camera.

She did know how to handle a camera—a Brownie or Leica, but not a cumbersome, professional photographer's Graflex. Undaunted, Jacqueline turned to the classified telephone directory, picked out a photography school, made an appointment and dropped in to learn her new trade.

After a brief tour of police stations and hospitals to learn what city life was like, Jacqueline was on her own. Her first week's pay cheque was \$2 dollars 50 cents.

Waldrop sized her up favorably: "She was a businesslike little girl—nice, quiet, concentrated, obviously very, very earnest in wanting to be a professional. She was self-sufficient, good at listening, and she handled her job efficiently."

Though Jacqueline always preferred doing columns on such favorite subjects as ballet dancers or children ("Children always give better answers than anyone," she claims), her most-talked-about efforts concerned public personalities.

One day the editor sent her to do a column about the new members of Congress, among them the young Senator John Fitzgerald Kennedy. Waldrop knew Kennedy well and liked him. But he had heard rumors that his Inquiring Camera Girl had been seeing him quite often.

"Go up on the Hill and see this fellow," he ordered. "Tell him I sent you."

Then he added, "You behave yourself. Don't get your hopes up. He's too old for you—besides, he doesn't want to get married."

Jacqueline rolled her eyes, said nothing, and went off on her assignment.

For years a Washington journalist, Charlie Bartlett, had been trying to get Jacqueline and Jack together. But each proved elusive as quicksilver.

Once they were actually in the same room, but Jack was in one corner dead-seriously talking politics, and Jacqueline was in another, surrounded by young men. Neither of them could be diverted or detached.

In June, 1951, the Bartletts gave a small dinner at which Kennedy was present.

When they were introduced, Jacqueline looked at Jack's laughingly aroused, intelligently inquisitive face, and knew instantly that he would have a profound, perhaps a disturbing, effect on her life.

In a flash of inner perception she knew that here was a man who did not want to marry. She was frightened. Jacqueline, in this revealing moment, envisaged heartbreak, but just as swiftly determined such heartbreak would be worth the pain.

(Jacqueline was right. The Massachusetts Congressman did not want to marry then. But a year later, when they became engaged, Jack confided he had decided that night to marry her. He had wished to wait a while, but when he was ready

● Senator and fiancée, pictured on "Life" magazine's cover after the engagement was announced. During courtship they were careful to avoid public places.



● As Inquiring Camera Girl for a newspaper, she interviewed all kinds of people. (A photo from her album.)

she would be the one. Jacqueline's snappy answering comment: "How big of you".)

After dinner the guests sat in the Bartletts' handkerchief-sized backyard talking, and when it was time to leave both the host and the Congressman escorted Jacqueline to her car. But Josie, the Bartletts' fox terrier, got there first. The Congressman had been murmuring something about "coming out for a drink" when Josie hopped in the open car door. With shrill barks she pounced on a man sitting in the back seat.

He was a beau of Jacqueline's who had recognised her black Mercury and stepped in to wait for her.

This froze Representative Kennedy, and he made himself scarce. Jacqueline sailed for Europe soon afterwards.

Next winter when she was working for the "Times-Herald," Congressman Kennedy was busy preparing for his senatorial contest. The first time they went out together he took her dancing in a hotel. But they weren't a two-some. A political friend from Massachusetts came along, although he was very hard sledding conversationally. After that they never went out together to public places.

Their courtship followed a curious private pattern. They dined often alone with the Bartletts, and filled the evening with carefree bridge, Chinese checkers, and Monopoly. Or they would dine and occasionally go to a movie with Bobby and Ethel Kennedy.

The only time they had any real privacy was when Jack would drive Jacqueline back along the Potomac to "Merrywood," the home of her mother and stepfather.

At 11 p.m. on a Wednesday evening early in May, 1953, Aileen Bowdoin, older sister of two of the girls with whom Jacqueline made her first trip to Europe, telephoned her. "How would you like to go to the Coronation?" she asked.

They would have to sail two days later on the Queen Mary. Somehow they made it, arriving on board with not a clue as to where they would stay in crowded London. But everything straightened out.

Friends of their parents rallied around; they were lent an apartment, found fine seats for the Coronation procession, were invited to the U.S. Embassy, to dinners, and to Perle Mesta's jumbo dance. Even suitable escorts were provided.

Jacqueline reported the great event for the "Times-Herald," and her stories and quick, catchy pen sketches were front-paged.

Every possible moment when she wasn't working or attending some Coronation festivity she was poking around in bookstores. She bought books and more books, and was very mysterious when Aileen asked about her purchases.

When, after a week of fun in Paris, the girls flew home, Jacqueline had to pay over 100 dollars in excess fare for the heavy, book-filled suitcases. The volumes were, of course, a present to Senator Kennedy.

The returning plane was scheduled to touch down in Boston before arriving in New York. Aileen hoped a beau would meet her, and so did Jacqueline. They grew increasingly nervous as they neared the U.S. coast, and made a last-minute rush to primp.

The powder-room had been pre-empted by a movie star, who held the fort till the plane was ready to land. Aileen and Jacqueline walked down the gangway with shiny noses.

Inside, in the waiting-room, leaning casually against a counter, was Senator John Fitzgerald Kennedy.

"Gay bachelor"

"Aunt Maudie," said a voice over the long-distance wire, "I just want you to know that I'm engaged to Jack Kennedy." It was Jacqueline, calling one of her father's sisters.

"But you can't tell anyone for a while," she went on, "because it wouldn't be fair to the 'Saturday Evening Post'."

"What," asked puzzled Aunt Maudie, "has the 'Saturday Evening Post' to do with your engagement?"

"The 'Post' is coming out tomorrow," laughed Jackie, "with an article on Jack. And the title is on the cover. It's 'Jack Kennedy—the Senate's Gay Young Bachelor.'"

The night before their wedding, at the bridal dinner in Newport's Clambake Club, the bridegroom, in a tongue-in-cheek speech, disclosed why he was relinquishing his bachelorhood. His motivation, he said, was to remove his bride from the fourth estate. She had become too smart a reporter, and, as Inquiring Camera Girl, menaced his political future.

The bride teased back. As a suitor, she stated solemnly, the Senator was in some ways a failure. Though famed for literary profusion, he had penned no romantic love letters, and, in fact, had dispatched to her only a single written communication.

She then held aloft for bridesmaids and ushers to see a Bermuda-postmarked card.



20 CENTS

JULY 20, 1953

KENNEDY — Second of two parts

By
Mary Van Rensselaer Thayer

On one side was a scarlet hibiscus blossom, on the other a tender legend: "Wish you were here, Jack."

It was a wonderful wedding. Five days before the ceremony, the Senator's parents invited the ten bridesmaids and 14 ushers to a glorified house-party in Hyannis Port.

Some of the bridal party were family. The others stayed in a rented house across the street from the "Kennedy Compound."

True to rugged Kennedy tradition, the guests were propelled into a tight schedule of tennis, touch football, swimming, sailing, picnicking. In the evenings there were a scavenger hunt and charades.

The bridegroom was gay and happy to be with his old friends. His "leadership" showed, pals noticed, only when he skipped his ancient 24ft. sailboat Victura. Then he became serious, competitive, impatient with his landlubber crew.

Six hundred guests packed the unfashionable St. Mary's Church in Newport. In a flurry of rice, Senator and Mrs. Kennedy left for their honeymoon in Mexico after a reception at "Hammersmith Farm," Jacqueline's stepfather's home.

Jacqueline, who from teenage had lived in a household which included seven children of varying ages and temperaments, was now part of a large, extraordinarily united family. "The Kennedys are the most welcoming family," she says.

"The day you become engaged to one of them is the day they start saying how 'fantastic' you are." ("Fantastic" is a favorite Kennedy word which they have appropriated to underscore special Kennedy approval. Kennedys never use the word in its correct dictionary meaning, i.e., "grotesque, quaint, whimsical; extravagantly fanciful.")

"And the same loyalty they show to each other they show to their in-laws," she says. "They are all so proud when one of them does well."

The love and security of being part of such a close-knit clan was bliss to Jacqueline. When it came time to choose a house for the summer the Senator thought of going somewhere within easy commuting distance from Washington. It was Jacqueline, not Jack, who made the decision to move into the Kennedy Compound in Hyannis Port.

She wanted her children to grow up with all their Kennedy cousins and enjoy the same warm assurance as did their Kennedy fathers and mothers.



• This charming picture was taken as Jacqueline followed tradition by tossing her bouquet to the bridesmaids.

(Caroline, to Jacqueline's delight, acts as well as looks pure Kennedy. To make her proud of her name and live up to it, when Caroline hurts herself her mother says sternly, "Kennedys don't cry." Usually, but not always, since Caroline is developing into a decided individualist, this stops Miss Kennedy's wails.)

In the first years of their marriage the Kennedys lived either in rented houses or those belonging to their parents. There was so much excitement. They were always going somewhere—to Europe, to make a speech, to attend some political function.

"It was hectic, but I rather enjoyed it," Jacqueline remembers. "You don't really long for a home of your own unless you have children."

That first winter Jacqueline went back to school. She studied American history at the Georgetown School of Foreign Service, partly because she knew so little about it, but mostly because her husband knew so much.

She "adored" it, and, as usual, studying hard, nailed down her subject, which she found rewarding as a springboard into political life.

(For leisure reading Jacqueline still prefers European history. Its complexities appeal to her very feminine taste. "American history is for men," she claims.)

These first married years were saddened by the Senator's near-fatal illness and Jacqueline's difficulties in having children. These shared troubles helped knit them closer.

They both longed for children. But there had been a miscarriage in 1955.

Happy mother

The next year, by emergency Caesarean section, her baby was born dead a month prematurely. The stress of the 1956 national convention, at which the Senator lost the nomination for Vice-President by an eyelash, had been too great; it was touch and go whether Jacqueline would survive.

When Caroline was born the day after 1957 Thanksgiving, her safe arrival seemed so incredible that Jacqueline would try to stay awake at night to banish sleep as long as she could so that she might savor in extra minutes how happy she was and how overwhelmingly she loved her baby girl and Jack.

Jacqueline had undergone two Caesareans, and she faced a third for the baby boy who was to be born at Christmas, 1960, the vital Presidential-election year. She was torn between determination to help her husband become President and mortal fear that any extra effort would cost her this passionately desired child.

She left nothing undone that was in her capacity to do. She personally penned thousands of letters and wrote a weekly newspaper column called "Campaign Wife" which reached Kennedy workers across the land.

She conferred with women leaders on questions of feminine importance, and gave full-dress Press conferences in Hyannis Port, then Washington.

Though her baby was expected in weeks, she appeared on TV shows and at TV fund-raising teas.

Only those who knew her well realised how much Jacqueline undertook and at what cost to her. The New York ticker-tape parade, riding perched on the back of an open car beside her husband, almost undid her.

As their automobile progressed at snail's pace through the financial district, enthusiasts estimated at over a million rushed the police lines, stopped the car several times, and almost toppled it in their eagerness to shake hands with the Kennedys.

It was one of the great moments of John Fitzgerald Kennedy's life, but terrifying to his wife. She knew her strength had been overtaxed.

A few weeks later when John Fitzgerald Kennedy, jun., decided to arrive a month ahead of schedule, only a matter of minutes, luck, and a wonderful doctor saved him.



• Bridal pair at "Hammersmith Farm," her stepfather's home, after the ceremony.

Jack Kennedy's back trouble started with a presumed ruptured disc in his lower spine. This injury, never cured, was reactivated when a Japanese destroyer, slicing in half the PT boat Jack commanded, slammed him on to the deck.

Afterward, saving the survivors, he towed a badly burned crewman three chilly miles to shore, holding the belt of his life-jacket between clenched teeth during five aching hours. For days afterward Lieutenant Kennedy swam back and forth to nearby islands, seeking and eventually effecting rescue.

Exhausted by this effort, he developed sciatica and a severe case of malaria which lingered seven years.

Lieutenant Kennedy, for whom a memorial service had been held in the Pacific, returned to convalesce in the United States, weighing a mere nine stone and suffering agonising spinal pain. At a Massachusetts naval hospital in the spring of 1944 he underwent a lumbar-disc operation to remove pressure on the sciatic nerve and thus terminate a resultant muscular spasm.

Years later (in 1955) Dr. Janet Travell, now the first woman White House doctor, discovered that one Kennedy leg was a bit longer than the other. Usually such trifling differences are equalised by the body, but when there has been a muscle spasm this can become a constant irritant.

(Today President Kennedy wears a quarter-inch lift in his left heel and on occasion a flexible, corsetlike brace as a back support.)

Despite the 1944 operation, interminable hours on his feet during the 1950 and 1952 political campaigns caused recurrence of the muscular spasm.

On October 21, 1954, scarcely a year after their wedding, Jacqueline accompanied her

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• Cutting the cake at an outdoor reception at the farm. The bride's rose-point veil had been worn by her grandmother.



RICH HEARTY VEGETABLE SOUPS FOR WINTER

DELICIOUS PEA & HAM

Here's a thick, old-fashioned soup, rich with home-made goodness! How the family will love the tasty flavour of roasted yellow peas, the delicious flavour of real ham pieces. Rich nourishing Pea and Ham is a warming, hearty soup just right for winter. So mother, fill the bowls full. Serve it often! Why not tonight?



RICH FLAVOURSOME NEW THICK VEGETABLE

Thicker than ever, richer than ever! Made from young, garden-fresh vegetables, barley, choice meat pieces and delicate seasoning. The kind of good, wholesome ingredients YOU would choose, go into Continental brand New Thick Vegetable Soup. Keep a couple of packs on hand!



P.S. Of course, *all* Continental brand Soups are perfect chill-chasers this cold weather; like Continental brand Tomato Vegetable soup, made from firm juicy tomatoes and piles of garden-fresh vegetables. You can freshly home-cook Continental brand Soups in mere minutes, too. What a boon!

Continental

BRAND

THE BEST SOUP COMES FROM THE BEST INGREDIENTS

*It is a woman's privilege
to change her mind . . .
a captivating short story*

THAT FICKLE FEELING

BY ROBERT
STANDISH

IT is essential to an understanding of the characters about to appear upon our small stage that we absorb some of the background against which they live their lives. Some people manage to dominate their backgrounds, but when—as in this case, their lives are lived around an English cathedral close, the converse is true.

Thankerton Cathedral itself is so overpowering that it tends to cut men and women down to size. Its immense flying buttresses and the exquisite, painstaking craftsmanship within make the most arrogant of men feel small and humble.

Then there are the bells, whose deep-toned voice is clearly audible at five miles' range, unpleasantly loud at two miles, while at the deanery, which is situated at precisely one hundred and eighty-seven measured yards from the base of the bell tower, it becomes a crashing medley of metallic sounds almost too frightening to be borne.

It is said of the chimes that theirs is the only voice able to compete with that of Mrs. Martha Hemingway, wife of the Very Rev. Joshua Hemingway, D.D., the Dean of Thankerton.

The Bishop of Thankerton, surprisingly, has little to do with the life around the close, for he—good and wise man that he is—lives nearly two miles away at Thankerton Without, where he enjoys, but scarcely merits, the reputation of being a humorist.

Well, there it is. The stage is set. All that remains is to raise the curtain and bring on the characters, which isn't so easy as it sounds, if we are to make them credible. Take Martha Hemingway, the dean's wife, for example. Hers is a small part in this story, and yet she hovers over it like a storm cloud or a helicopter, dominating the scene without ever really becoming a part of it.

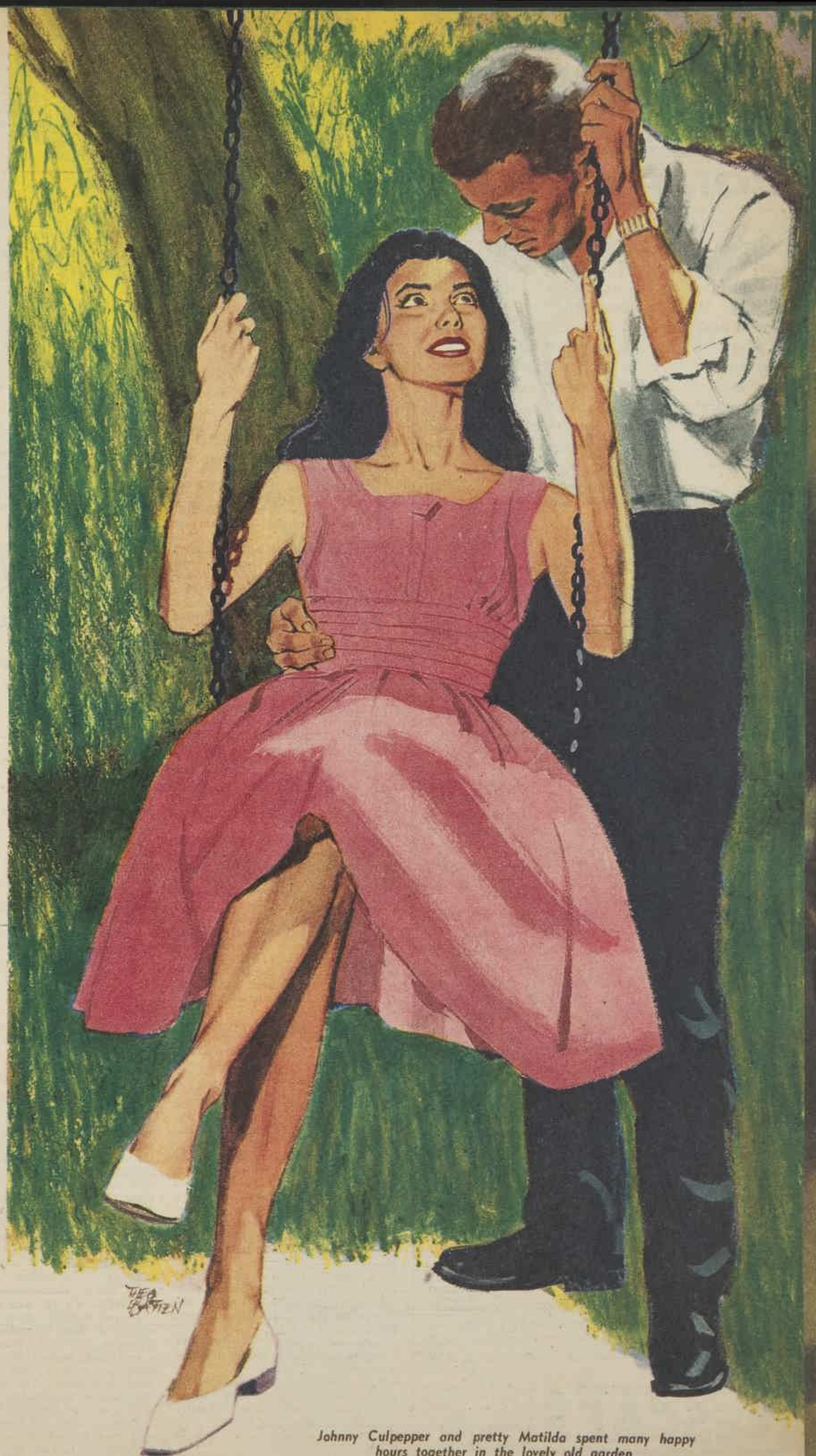
Martha Hemingway is a woman who uses words like a muleteer uses a whip. In some strange way it is the things she does not say, but which those in her immediate entourage know that she will unfailingly say if the occasion arises, which influence their lives far more profoundly than her utterances. Remember this—for the chief characters do much of what they do, or refrain, as the case may be, in the light of Martha Hemingway's probable reaction.

There is a crisis at the deanery when we meet its occupants, a crisis whose root cause is the almost complete inability of Mrs. Hemingway and her daughter Matilda each to understand the other's viewpoint. Clothing, for instance, Mrs. Hemingway billows. She wears shapeless garments which reveal no more of her limbs than her wrists above and her insteps below, in the out-moded belief that thus only can female modesty be preserved.

Matilda, on the other hand, is trim, streamlined.

Her most moderate use of lipstick and face powder is characterised by her mother as "painting" and behaving like a "fallen woman."

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Johnny Culpepper and pretty Matilda spent many happy hours together in the lovely old garden.

RESULTS NESCAFÉ COMPETITION

Never before in Nestlé's history in Australia has there been such a successful competition. Nestlé's mail room has literally been flooded with an avalanche of entries from every corner of the country. With so many tens of thousands of entries, and with so many of them of a very high standard, judging has been most difficult. The first forty-three prize winners are listed below. The additional one thousand winners of special coffee carafe prizes will be notified by mail. Nestlé's extend hearty congratulations to all winners, and "better-luck-next-time" to the many thousands who were so close.

1st PRIZE:

Mrs. D. J. Searle,
24 Ayres Rd., East St. Ives, N.S.W.

2nd PRIZE: Mrs. G. M. Appelbee,
9 Chinnery Ave., Finchley Park, S.A.

3rd PRIZE: Mr. A. L. Pomeroy,
16 Chermide St., Highgate Hill, Bris., Qld.

4th to 43rd:

F. G. Butcher, 82 McDonald St., Como, W.A. John H. Dowson, 3 Bay View Terrace, Mosman Park, W.A. Mrs. Elizabeth Bland, 9 Pearson St., Hilton, N.S.W. Miss J. Moorfoot, 50 Victoria St., North Geelong, Vic. Ross Kalinousky, 52 Constitution St., South Bunbury, W.A. Mrs. P. S. Griffiths, 24 Parklands Rd., North Ryde, N.S.W. Patricia Damasco, 19 Grosvenor Rd., Meltham, W.A. N. Boxall, 130 Attunga Rd., Miranda, N.S.W. Mr. J. R. Luff, 4 Coorilla Ave., Golflands, S.A. Pat Thornber, 83 Clifton St., Nedlands, W.A. Mrs. F. J. Hart, 27 Whitfield St., Floreat Park, W.A. Mr. R. Kirkham, 6 Third Ave., Applecross, W.A. Donald K. Hughes, 24 Railway Terrace, Corinda, Brisbane, Qld. Mr. F. McBride, Accountant, Moreton Sugar Mill, Nambour, Qld. D. M. Cameron, Box 15, Devonport, Tas. Fay Jennings, Beerwah, Qld. Colin Thiele, Edithburgh. Mrs. M. J. Waters, Cootharaba Hill, Gympie, Qld. Mr. M. A. Finey, 63 Watkins Rd., Claremont, W.A. N. L. McLellan, 560 Bell St., Pascoe Vale, W.7, Vic. Miss M. Williams, 35 Fairway, Nedlands, W.A. W. J. Dwyer, 6 A'Beckett Ave., Ashfield, N.S.W. Mrs. E. Spire, 525 Kingsway, Miranda, N.S.W. Peter Ford, Winchester St., Southport, Qld. Mrs. F. Johnson, 62 Kenny St., Bassendean, W.A. Mrs. J. Nelson, 35 Brooke St., Broadview, S.A. Mrs. G. T. Morgan, "Windmer," Booral, Qld. Mr. G. R. Wright, 31 Harvey Ave., North Glenelg, Adelaide, S.A. Mrs. E. Allen, Lucas St., Redcliffe, Qld. Mrs. S. M. Dollar, 5 Pear St., Greenslopes, Brisbane, Qld. Mrs. Ivy Hoff, 19 Salisbury St., N. Essendon, Vic. Mrs. Pamela Nash, 30 Etela St., Belmore, N.S.W. Shirley Smith, 1084 Beaudesert Rd., Coopers Plains, Qld. Peter Dunn, 1 Overs St., Niddrie, Vic. Mr. D. Scrutton, 23 Lincoln Ave., Col. Light Gardens, S.A. Mrs. R. Kennedy, 8 Mirams St., Ascot Vale, W.2, Vic. Victoria Sutton, c/o L. Bulk, 19 Ronald St., Campbelltown, N.S.W. Mrs. Pascoe, 11 Julia St., Highgate Hill, Bris., Qld. Mrs. C. Burnane, 48 Hilda St., Shenton Park, W.A. M. Schofield, 3a Stewart St., Arncliffe, N.S.W.



Ten thousand kites

Bobby and his mother worked
to make this the best kite
... a short short story

BY NORAH
SMARIDGE

JUDY TARRANT had just finished washing her small son's supper dishes when she heard him dragging out the big carton. She went quickly into the living-room.

"Hey, Bobby, you're forgetting! Mum's going out tonight."
"Out?" He glared, his face darkening. "But you can't. We're making the kite!"

"We've been making it for ten days," Judy said tiredly. Ten too many, she thought. I slave all day, and come home to kite-building! I wish I never heard about the kite contest—I almost wish I'd never let you join the Scouts.

She hadn't guessed what she was letting herself in for when, two weeks ago, Bobby had rushed in from a Scout meeting. "I have to make a kite, Mum," he had told her. "We're going to be in the Boy Scout Anniversary. The Cubs are going to have a kite-flying contest—and there'll be ten thousand kites!" He had looked at her confidently. "I've got to fly my kite myself, but you can help me make it. I've got to have the best kite."

"Sure, sure," Judy had said cheerfully. It had sounded simple. You could probably buy a make-it-yourself kit.

But in ten evenings of trial-and-error she was not much further along. She and Bobby had wasted rolls of paper, yards of string, dozens of sticks. She was evidently no good with her hands. Glue refused to stick for her; scissors cut crookedly; paper twisted.

Now, ignoring Bobby's set face, she hurried to get ready for her date. She was meeting Richard Walton, a corporation lawyer, at Armando's, since he had a late appointment. They would dine leisurely, drive afterwards in his sports car.

She dressed conservatively, rejecting her frivolous earrings and the crazy little hat she had bought because David would have laughed at it—and loved it. Darling David, she thought. A stab of pain went through her. Three years ago David had been killed in an air crash, leaving her desolate, lonely, desperately trying to be both father and mother to Bobby.

If she married Richard, Bobby would have a father again. Oh, not a father like David—a young father who sailed boats, pitched tents, built tree platforms. Richard was ten years older than David had been—and he wasn't used to boys. But he would be good to Bobby, provide for him, educate him—

The bell rang as Judy slipped into her coat. Prudence, their sixteen-year-old sister, grinned at her when she opened the door. "Hi, Mrs. Tarrant. Finished the kite yet?"

Judy made a face. "No such luck—and Bobby's mad at me for deserting it tonight."

It was Prudence who smiled goodbye and wished her a good time. Bobby stiffened in her embrace and refused a kiss. Little monster, Judy thought, when I've spent ten evenings trying to build him a kite.

It was ridiculous to let a small boy spoil her evening. To let the memory of his glum little face blot out the sight



of Richard's attentive one, bent toward her. With an effort, Judy thrust the thought of Bobby into the background, and concentrated on Richard; he was telling her a precisely detailed story about his latest case.

Late finishing dinner, they had only driven for half an hour before Judy said tentatively, "I'll have to head for home, Richard—it's nearly ten."

"Must you get back so early?" He brought the car to a halt. "I particularly wanted to talk to you, Judy. I've been waiting to—" He stopped, reaching for her hand; his fingers closed over hers. "Judy, my dear—"

"Please," Judy said. Panic seized her at his touch. "Not now. I mean—let's talk some other time." She drew her hand away gently. "I'm sorry, but I simply must get home. The sitter's parents insist that she get home by ten-thirty."

Richard shrugged. He started the car. "In that case," he said. But he was obviously hurt and annoyed.

Judy did her best to divert him, to make him smile. She told him about her fruitless attempts to make a kite, exaggerating the fiascos in the way David would have loved. David, she thought, would have been fascinated with the very idea of ten thousand kites, ten thousand small boys!

She was still chattering against Richard's silence when they reached her door. He refused to come in. "I'm afraid I'm not interested in kites, Judy," he said. "I had planned a different sort of ending to this evening." But he relented slightly as Judy's face fell. "I'll call you tomorrow."

It was strangely quiet when Judy opened the door. No radio playing, no television. Prudence must be taking a nap. Judy walked into the living-room and made a little sound, half-laugh, half-groan. The room was littered with scraps; Prudence and Bobby must have been trying to build a kite.

Then she stood still, frozen, as a man walked out of the kitchenette. Tall, with springing red hair and bright blue eyes. As she opened her mouth, he held up his hand.

"Don't scream—I'm not a prowler,"

he said. "I'm John Benson, Prudence's stepbrother. And I'm perfectly respectable and harmless."

"Oh," Judy breathed. "Wh—where's Prudence, then?"

"She went home with a headache. She couldn't get anyone to replace her—so she ordered me to come over." He shook his head. "I'm afraid I'm a push-over for Prudence."

"It was good of you to come," Judy said. She liked him; he was so warm, so vital. "May I ask what you were doing in the kitchen?"

"Looking for the coffee," he said. "And a broom. We'd better clean the place up a bit, don't you think?"

"After coffee," Judy said. It seemed perfectly natural to have him follow her into the kitchenette. Perfectly natural to talk and laugh; funny, they agreed, that they had never met before. He knew all about her, of course—but Prudence had never mentioned him.

When they returned to the living-room he dived suddenly under the table and came up with a huge multicolored object. "Bobby's kite," he said seriously. "She's going to be a beauty, isn't she?"

"I'll have to show you a thing or two about kite-making," he said. "This one will take another evening or two to finish. Shall we have a try tomorrow? I'll bring Prudence—she ought to know how to make kites." He studied Judy's face. "That is, if you're not doing anything."

Richard had said he would call her tomorrow. A cold little breath blew over Judy. He would want to take her out. He would want to tell her—

But she didn't want to see Richard. Not tomorrow—or ever. She knew that now. She wanted to let this big, red-headed man show her how to make a kite. She wanted to watch him smile, hear him laugh.

"Tomorrow will be fine," she said. "Why don't you both come to supper? You'll need strength for kite-making." Her heart quickened as he smiled down at her. "In case you don't know it," she said, "this has to be the best of ten thousand kites."

(Copyright)

EDGE OF THE SEA

A poignant short story

BY LEE COLGATE

MRS. ELLIS paused at the picture window. The clouds that had hung all day on the hills still rested there, and she was grateful for the quiet, grey light. The sea, calm and shimmering, unrolled before her in its rhythmic timing, so close to that of a heartbeat. It *was* the heartbeat of life, she thought—at least in this world, perhaps in every world. She would not draw the curtains quite yet.

She turned resolutely to face the room. It was not yet familiar, although she knew that with time everything in it would become an intimate acquaintance. Everything that she had placed this morning and all through the day yesterday would establish itself, raise its own banner like a monarch in residence, declaring in numerous, silent, solemn ways that this was where it belonged.

She walked over to the fireplace. She had taken the house for the view and the fireplace. It was time, she told herself, to put up Arthur's portrait.

She went into the kitchen, set on the stove a copper kettle she and Arthur had bought together, and found a hammer and nails. Then she returned to the fireplace and said to herself that in a few moments more she was going to light the wood laid there and enjoy the sound of the kettle singing on the stove. Then she would sip a cup of tea and wait patiently for the calm that she hoped would eventually come.

She realised, as she surveyed the blank piece of wall above the mantel, that that was where the portrait belonged. She had known that immediately.

She had tried not to bring too many things with her, having concluded that it was foolish to brood over little demitasse cups and old postcards. She had had to decide finally to bring only those things that were important and to meet each day uncluttered and unpossessed.

"But how can you bear to leave your beautiful things!" her friends had wailed, and she had smiled a set smile and had thought, If only that were all I had to bear.

She placed the nail in the wall and without any measuring or indecision pounded it vigorously—there is much satisfaction in hammering a nail—and set the portrait evenly above a mug from Heidelberg. She had nearly left the mug, but then at

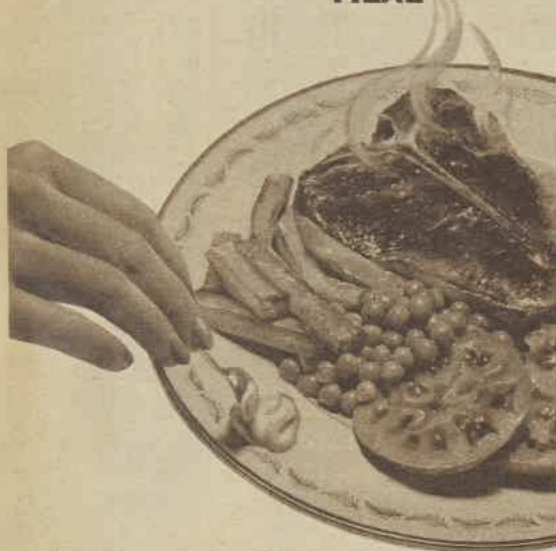
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After she had hung the portrait Mrs. Ellis realised she had chosen the perfect place for it to be.



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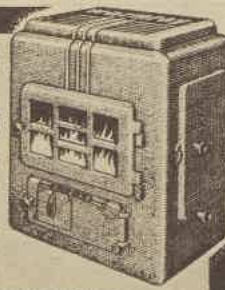
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THE CASE OF THE DUPLICATE DAUGHTER

Dramatic conclusion of our Perry Mason serial

By **ERLE STANLEY GARDNER**

MASON unlocked the door of his private office to find Nancy Gilman plainly impatient and Della Street desperately trying to hold her.

As Mason opened the door Nancy Gilman was on her feet and apparently headed for the exit door.

Della Street, however, between her and the exit door, was saying, "I'm sure he'll be here any minute, and it's quite important, Mrs. Gilman. He—"

Mason said, "Hello, everybody. Sit down, Mrs. Gilman. I have a few questions."

Nancy Gilman gave him the benefit of her super-magnetic smile, then suddenly her mouth was firm. "I have a few questions myself, Mr. Mason," she said.

"What are they?" Mason asked, making a surreptitious motion with his wristwatch to Della, indicating that he was stalling for time.

"I am not going to have Glamis shut up in gaol like a common felon simply because they want her as a witness," she said. "Isn't there some procedure by which she can put up bail and be released?"

"Quite definitely," Mason said cheerfully.

"Well, why don't we do that?"

"Because at the present time I don't want to get in the position of representing both her and your husband."

"Then we'll get some other attorney to represent her," Mrs. Gilman said decisively.

"Exactly," Mason said. "That's one of the things I want to talk to you about. I want you to get a lawyer for her."

"I think this case has been a farce as far as justice is concerned," Nancy said. "Here is Hartley Elliott, a man of the highest moral character, a young man whose only fault was being loyal to his friends, thrown into gaol for contempt of court. Here is Glamis, a young woman of refinement and delicacy, thrown into a cell and exposed to all sorts of indignities simply because the district attorney wants to have her as a witness."

"Listen," Mason said, "let me tell you something about the facts of life, Mrs. Gilman. You can get an attorney who can get Glamis Barlow released on bail without the slightest difficulty. You don't even need to call it bail. You put up a bond for her appearance as a witness and the court lets her out."

"Well, why don't we do it?" Nancy asked. "Why haven't you made arrangements to do it, Mr. Mason? Even if you

couldn't represent both Glamis and Carter you could at least have arranged for some other attorney."

"Because," Mason said, "the minute she puts up a bond and steps out of custody as a material witness she'll be arrested as a co-defendant. She'll then be charged with being an accessory after the fact in the murder or she'll be charged as a co-defendant in the murder. Then Hamilton Burger will file a joint information against Glamis and your husband and try them both for the murder of Vera Martel."

"And once she's arrested for murder she can't get out on bail. Once she's arrested for murder, Hamilton Burger simply has to go through with the case, to save his face if for no other reason. Once she's arrested for murder she has no sympathy from either the court or the public. But so long as a good-looking girl like Glamis is being held as a material witness at the whim of the district attorney, she has the sympathy of both the court and the public."

"For your information, this way of handling the case is making the judge angry at the prosecutor. Now then, does that answer your question?"

Nancy Gilman thought that over for a few moments, then, when she spoke, there was a decided change in her manner.

"I still think it's the most absurd thing I ever heard of in my life," Nancy said. "Carter wouldn't hurt a fly and Glamis has no more idea of what happened than . . . well, she's completely innocent."

"What about those people who were going to testify that they saw her running out of the workshop?"

"Bosh and nonsense!"

"Do you know where Glamis was that morning?"

"I don't know, no. I was asleep. But I know what Muriell told me, and Muriell said there was absolutely no possibility that Glamis could have got back in the house, got her clothes off and come out to stand in the hall by the time Muriell came down from the attic. It's absurd!"

"The matter seems to hinge," Mason said, "on whether you knew Vera Martel in her lifetime."

"I never heard of the creature."

"You wouldn't have paid her any blackmail?"

"I wouldn't have paid anyone any blackmail, Mr. Mason. If anybody tried to blackmail me I'd kick them down the front steps."

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"Take a look at that picture," Della
whispered as Mason took the clippings.





TROPICAL FISH

SPECIAL FEATURE

TWO Kissing Gouramis (pinkish white) swim together in a tank belonging to Mr. A. Van Willes, of Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.

SETTING UP

THE AQUARIUM

YOUR first step is to buy an aquarium, or tank — a home for your fish.

Most popular size is 24in. x 12in. x 12in., costing about £4. This holds 12 gallons of water and, if properly equipped, will maintain 20 to 30 fish.

Next essential is to arrange a means of heating the tank to the tropical temperature which the fish are used to in their natural waters. This is done by using a heater in conjunction with a thermostat. The former will cost from 19/6 to £2, and the latter from 30/- to £3.

All prices given vary considerably according to States and to quality.

The heater is simply a wire-wound element encased in a waterproof container, such as glass, porcelain, or stainless steel. Some are completely immersible, while others are stood vertically in the tank with the top section out of the water.

The thermostat, of course, automatically controls the heater, maintaining the water at the desired temperature — usually about 75 degrees.

Some beginners content themselves with a heater and thermostat which they wire up themselves, but the usual is a combination heater and thermostat costing round £4 to £5 which need only be plugged into a power point.

After proper heating, next essential is efficient aeration, for which an air pump is needed. A popular air pump is the small vibrator type which ranges in price from £3 to £4.

Aeration, which releases a continual stream of bubbles under the water, serves these important purposes:

- The bubbles create a convection current which ensures that stale water at the bottom of the tank is brought to the surface to allow carbon dioxide to escape into the air, and at the same time fresh oxygen to be absorbed into the water.

- The convection current prevents the water from "layering." A tank without aeration may achieve a temperature difference of 10 degrees between surface and bottom in really cold weather.

To keep the tank water crystal clear — necessary not only for good viewing but for fish health — you should next invest in a filter.

Most-used type draws the water up a tube and drops it back into the tank through a tray packed with glass wool. Power to drive it comes from the air pump, and very little air pressure is needed to filter a tank rapidly.

Ordinary filters cost from 16/6 to 18/6, while the under-water types range from 25/- to 50/-. The latter are becoming popular, as they save the aquarist the trouble of changing the glass wool twice a week.

Enough plants for your tank can be provided for at least £1, the freshwater sand in which to grow them can be collected free from inland rivers, and the attractively shaped pebbles or driftwood can also be gathered free.

Light is needed for growing the plants, and daylight is

usually supplemented by artificial light — it also adds to the beauty of the tank, especially at night.

Fluorescent light is often used, but ordinary light globes are more satisfactory for plant growth. These are fixed in a reflector which would cost about 25/-.

At the most economical level, a fully equipped tank can be established for about £15. It would cost a further £6 for 30 of the least expensive tropical fish.

Running costs of electricity for the tank would be round 2/- a week in mid-winter, and 6d. in mid-summer, while your feed bill for 30 fish would level out at no more than 4d. a day. As stated before, all costs could vary according to State and district.

CHOOSING YOUR

FISH COLLECTION

TROPICAL fish are so tiny and look so fragile that they seem to be delicate treasures which would require a wealth of care.

Quite the contrary. They are generally hardy and will react happily to simple, ordinary, commonsense attention. And they are not as expensive as they look.

You can start your aquarium with a few Pearl Danios, which will cost only 4/- each; some Guppies, costing from 2/6 to 3/- each; Swordtails, 3/6 to 4/- each; and some Angels, about 4/- each.

They are a good basis for any new tank, not only because of their reasonable price but because they react well to amateur care.

Later, when you are more experienced and more ambitious, you won't be happy until you own the expensive Cardinal Tetra, which can cost up to 50/- each.

In between these bottom and top prices can be bought a wide variety of tropical fish now bred in most Australian capital cities or imported from Hongkong and Singapore.

There are Zebras, White Clouds, Platys, Harlequins, Neon Tetras, Lace Gouramis, and Glowlights, none of which cost more than 6/-. A little more expensive, but most decorative, is the Black Angel, which usually costs about 10/-.

You can fill your tank with tropical fish as cheaply or expensively as you like.

If you can't get the tropical fish you want from a dealer, try your nearest aquarium society. Members of these associations all over Australia are continually working on the breeding of new species and are always glad to sell to new fanciers.

AQUARIUM SOCIETIES

THERE are 16 aquarium societies throughout Australia, with an estimated 1000 members.

Largest of the societies is the Aquarium Society of Victoria, which has 250 members.

The society holds monthly meetings, usually with a table show of a selected breed of fish. Members have special small carrying-tanks in which they bring their entries.

It also publishes a monthly journal, "Finchat," which goes to many countries and ranks among the top three fish society journals in the world.

It puts on an exhibition each year at the Royal Agricultural Show with exhibitors competing for the William

Peeler Trophy, named after a former president of the society.

Last year 100,000 people saw this exhibition.

A coveted trophy among members is the Society Breeders' Cup, which is presented annually to the member who breeds and rears the greatest number of fish not previously recorded in the list of fishes bred in Victoria published in the Society's handbook annually.

Already members have bred 111 different species in their Victorian tanks.

For breeding, a specially heated fish house is necessary, and 25 of these are owned privately by members.

For information regarding the activities of societies in other States, write to the secretary, addresses below:

Aquarium Society of Victoria, secretary, Mr. H. J. D. Dunbar, 19 Pellet St., Sandringham.

Aquarium Society of New South Wales, secretary, Mr. L. DeCoster, 88 Addison Rd., Manly.

Brisbane Aquarium Club, secretary, Mr. D. L. Hull, 27 Wakefield St., Alderly.

South Australian Aquarium Society, secretary, Mr. J. Spofford, 13 Pedder Cr., Islington.

Aquarium Society of Western Australia, secretary, Mr. E. D. Schupp, 37 Birkett St., Bedford Park.

Southern Tasmanian Aquarium and Pond Society, secretary, Mr. A. Mosely, 4 Anne St., Barrisdale.

There are other societies in Victoria, N.S.W., and Queensland, addresses of which may be obtained from the societies listed above.

• This feature deals with tropical fish which require water maintained at a constant warm temperature. You can, of course, keep some goldfish in cold water in ponds or bowls. These fish and their necessary food and plants are obtainable from pet shops and some other stores.

Continued on page 34

• COLOR PICTURES OVERLEAF

Bright beauties for your tank

● Here are many colorful fish which, with care, can be kept in a home aquarium.



NEON TETRA, a hardy little fish
from the Amazon River, Brazil.

TANK which decorates a dividing wall in Mr. G. Oesch's Springvale, Vic., home contains, centre, a Swordtail, red, with above it, right, a Penguin, silver/black stripe; below that a Kissing Gourami, pinkish-white; below that a Lace Gourami, pearl/black stripe; top centre, Pearl Danios, orange stripe; bottom right, a Glass Catfish between Black Angels; centre bottom, Leporinus frideriki, yellow/brown; above driftwood, left, Lace Gourami; above that Barbus hexazona; top left, White Cloud, red fins.





WINNING TANK in recent George Wake Trophy competition run by the Aquarium Society of Victoria belongs to Mr. R. B. Chapman, Rosanna, and contains, centre, a red Swordtail, to its left a Lace Angel, and above it a Kissing Gourami, pinkish-white; to right of that are Pearl Danios with orange stripe near the tail of mother-of-pearl bodies. Dozens of Neon Tetras, scarlet and blue, dart among the fish.



SIAMESE Fighting Fish, much enlarged in size, both males, belonging to Mr. Oesch. If free, they would battle to the death. Even separated by the jar they try to fight.

PRETTY SPECIMENS from a collection of 2000 fish which Mr. R. L. Bowman, Chadstone, Vic., has in a specially heated fishroom at his home. Bottom right front, a Blue Acara, dark blue and black/iridescent spots, and a Kissing Gourami, pinkish-white; behind and further right, a Cherry Barb, with a Black Angel above. Centre, Angel, silver/black stripes; top left, Giant Danio, blue/gold/red.

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TROPICAL FISH, continued

THEY'RE GLUTTONS

● The right food in correct quantity, healthy plants, and a clean tank will keep your fish in good condition.

THE beginner is advised to buy prepared foods from pet shops, but food can be produced at home.

Fish eat all day long, so it is up to the home aquarist to see that they have plenty.

This does not mean that food must continually be fed into the tank. The twice-daily supply is sufficient for 24 hours' non-stop consumption for the little gluttons.

Most tropical fish are omnivorous — both vegetable- and meat-eating. A few are purely carnivorous.

Live foods

Fish feeding starts with algae—plants of the sea, water, or soil. Only a few fish feed on algae directly, but most of the live foods which fish eat feed on algae.

Those kept indoors in small aquariums do best when fed with living organisms. Live foods are more nutritious than dry foods, and add bulk and laxatives to the fish diet.



THERMOMETER in Mr. Van Willes' tank shows constant temperature of approx. 75 degrees. Fish is Kissing Gourami, plant is Hygrophila.



FISH NET is used to take small fish from a tank by Mr. A. Van Willes of Bondi Aquarium Society. Society's address, Mr. J. Borgers, 17 Elizabeth Bay Road, Potts Point, N.S.W.

When dried foods are used, special care must be taken not to over-feed, and to keep the sand clear and free. Tiny, uneaten food particles will decompose in the sand.

Living creatures will not decompose and spoil the water but will last for many hours, even days.

A well-known live food for fish tanks is daphnia, a tiny crustacean. Unfortunately, it is 96 per cent. water, so enormous quantities have to be supplied to satisfy the fish.

A daphnia is round and transparent, about 1-8in. in diameter, and has tiny antler-like arms to propel it.

Start culture

Daphnia may be netted from suburban lakes by running a net of fine-mesh nylon through clouds of them and other tiny insects which often abound at the water's edge.

Having obtained your first daphnia, start a culture in your backyard.

First make a pond and start a culture of infusoria for feeding the daphnia. This can be done by putting in the water numerous lettuce leaves, banana skins, vegetable left-overs, some bones, and a little sheep or cow manure.

Allow this to stand for two or three weeks and then introduce the daphnia.

Daphnia is not easily obtained in all districts—in Sydney it has been impossible to find for some months.

Other live foods include:

- White worms.
- A culture of these may be maintained by keeping in a composition of moist sieved loam and peat moss, and fed once or twice a week. To do this, make holes in the culture with a rounded stick and fill with soaked bread or any kitchen scraps, except meat.

- Tubifex worms, gathered from stagnant soaks and drains containing much organic matter. Available at some pet shops, most used in Sydney.

- Mosquito larvae, gathered in stagnant water pools.

- Earthworms. For a good supply in hot summer months, store in boxes of damp, not wet, earth, and chop them small before feeding to the fish.

If you are a flat-dweller and find worms beyond your accommodation, raw meat may be substituted for live foods. A scraping from the top of raw steak or very finely

chopped liver may be dropped into the aquarium.

As well as live food or meats some dried foods must also figure on the tank-fish menu.

Ground Bemax, Wheat Harts, and Farex provide the vital wheat germ.

There are numerous recipes for making up dried foods, most of which combine a mixture of 19 per cent. cooked liver or beef, 45 per cent. wheat germ (as pre-cooked cereal), 27 per cent. shredded shrimp, fish meal, or fish roe, and 9 per cent. lettuce, spinach, or other greens.

PLANTS FOR TANK

THE water plants which decorate an indoor tank make a pretty background for fish.

Many varieties are available, most popular being Water Sprite. A young plant may be bought for 6d.

Other favorites are Hygrophila, Ludwigia, Cabomba, Spiral Vallisneria, and the varieties of Cryptocorynes.

Most cost little, but some are expensive, such as Madagascar Lace Plant, about £3 a bulb.

All plants grow best in coarse river sand, which is usually sharp. Fine sand tends to cloud the water and does not always allow gases from decomposition to pass.

To get the best growth from plants, light is needed. You can use daylight, but never direct sunlight, as this would cause an enormous amount of algae to grow on the glass. Artificial light is most often used.

Here is a guide to correct amount of light:

- Plants which become straggly and lank are not getting enough light. A small deficiency makes the leaves a dark green as they try to produce more chlorophyll; a greater deficiency turns the leaves yellow.

- Insufficient light will also cause the formation of brown algae on the glass.

- With too much light, plants will become stunted and their leaves turn pale green through bleaching.

- Too much light will produce a heavy green algae on the glass.

When all is well with the light control, plants grow vigorously, bushy, and compact. Within two weeks the tank sides should have a light coating of green algae.

It's miserable to be happy ALL the time . . . in this article a writer who has made millions laugh says people are entitled to be moody, melancholy, and miserable.



Your right to be unhappy

By American author LEO ROSTEN

● Once upon a time (believe it or not) we weren't silly enough to expect everyone to walk around with a perpetual wide smile or give hourly proof of being "well adjusted."

AND once (a very long time ago) a man could stare out a window or grunt at his wife or stalk off on a solitary walk without having his loved ones rush to rescue him from his "mood."

There was a time, in short, when we had the good sense to realise that periodic despair is normal, that squabbles between husbands and wives or parents and children are unavoidable, that not everybody was intended by Heaven or fate or biochemistry to live in bliss unending.

We even had enough horse-sense to realise that anyone who is happy all the time must be mad.

"Pollyannas"

For we knew that one indication of good health is precisely the capacity to be unhappy when reality warrants it—to be unhappy without anxiety, apology, or defensiveness.

But all this has changed. New and grisly Pollyannas now march proudly through the land singing the praises of Happiness and proclaiming that Discontent is unnecessary and unnatural.

Never in history have so many people known what is secretly wrong with everyone else.

At social gatherings what was once called gossip now masquerades as "insight into other people's attitudes."

Ordinary discontent is pounced on as a symptom of some dark disturbance.

Please do not misunderstand me; I am not lampooning psychiatrists or psychoanalysts.

It is their function, and a crucial one, to help the anguished and heal the ill.

What I am inveighing against are the new Florence Nightingales of the psyche, both male and female, who leap to the conclusion that if you are not happy you are sick (not sick in the proper sense of the word, but sick as in "sick, sick, sick").

The people who share in this cult of happiness are millions strong, and they all worship at the shrine of Fun.

Has there ever been a time when so many grown-ups exerted so much energy in the frantic effort to prove to themselves as well as others that they are having fun?

Has any greater crime ever been perpetrated on our lan-

guage than such phrases as a "fun time"?

We used to bid our farewells with a simple and lovely "goodbye," which comes from "God be with you."

Today we are more likely to hear the silly phrase "Have fun," which reduces us to the status of children going off to a party.

Fun is a word we once reserved for children. Adults did not "have fun"; they had pleasure. Today, in our widespread anxiety to be happy we are not only substituting childish pleasures for adult behaviour, we are subtly changing the very goals of that behaviour.

Relax has replaced try. Spend has replaced save. Be happy has replaced achieve something.

Now, what on earth does "having fun" really mean? It means, if you observe the miserable souls engaged in chasing after it, doing things which cannot possibly stretch the mind or engage the heart.

It means flight from anything useful or important. It means the constant search for sensations instead of emotions. It means substituting jokes for talk.

It means the avoidance of solitude, reflection, communion with the self.

Above all, it means making noise—lots and lots of noise. For quiet is fun's enemy and silence its death. You can't "have fun" alone.

All I can say for the fun-addicted adult is heaven help him.

Those I really pity are children of fun lovers—the child who likes to be alone, the boy who wants to dream of pirates or spaceships, the girl who hums nonsense rhymes or weaves garlands out of dandelions.

How long before loving parents will clear their modern and progressive throats and launch into subtly "helpful" questions:

"Is anything wrong, dear?" "Wouldn't you like to invite someone over?"

"Why aren't you out with the other kids having fun?"

For if there is one thing that most of us fear, it is that our deeply loved, tenderly nur-

tured, vitamin-fed, orthodontured, anxiety-free offspring won't be "outgoing." Warm. Happy.

A happy child is, of course, a child who has "worked out" a satisfactory relationship with his group.

We once wanted our children to make something of their lives; now we want them to be "well adjusted."

Not respected, not admired, not strong enough to go their own ways. No, we want them to be liked.

So a new trinity is enshrined in our hearts: Happiness, Fun, Popularity.

Every so often some young man or woman, mistaking my years for wisdom, asks me for advice.

After dusting off the hoary bromides (which, unfortunately, is what most experience boils down to), I offer them these three suggestions:

Cowboy oafs

(1) Have the courage to be yourself; use your brain; push your talents, whatever they are, to the outermost limits of your capacity.

(2) Don't try to be popular.

(3) Moderate your demands on others.

Could I command the pulpits of the land or half the miles of celluloid used for the glorification of untidy cowboys in barbarous towns, I would urge people to reconsider whether or not their limited allotment of mortality is really being spent best in aping children, in trying to recapture the excitements of adolescence, in trading self-respect for popularity.

I would ask them to have the fortitude to question whether the Group—their companions, their neighbors, their club, their community—is worth adjusting to.

I would remind them of the nourishment, the comfort, the adventure, the edification to be found in an experience which can be known only in solitude—reading.

I would suggest that if we spent less time trying to have fun, we might rediscover the endless resources of the self, which is at home with quiet, which promises a serenity not to be found in a strenuous social round, which can accept the slings and arrows of ordinary (much less outrageous) fortune, and which has the courage to understand that no one outside a fairy-tale really lives "happily ever after."



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For full details of our HOME PLANNING SERVICE see Home Plan page.

Motoring

Winter care for your car

● Winter is tough on motor-cars, but the thoughtful owner can help considerably. Here are a few tips:

1. Make sure your battery is fully charged.
2. Consult your garage man about a lighter grade of engine oil during the cold weather.
3. If you drive on wet, muddy roads, have the suspension greased more frequently.
4. Make sure tyres are in good condition with plenty of tread on all FIVE. This could save your neck.
5. Check all lights and the screen wipers. New wiper blades are not expensive and they considerably improve vision and, therefore, safety.
6. Rain, heavy dew, frost, and then sunshine all play havoc with the duco and bright work.

A light rub down with a good cleaner and then a coating of wax polish give good protection. Keep a chamois leather in the car.

The rear window in particular should be kept clean for the all-important rear vision.

For tastiest winter snacks and TV meals



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oss tett i Norgel
In Norway they
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Norway sardines

Norway sardines are packed close and whole in every tin, surrounded by the best quality pure natural or olive oils. (And no Norway sardine has a fish scale either.) Every tin of Norway sardines carries the name NORWAY clearly marked. Tin sizes range from the small 1½ oz. can which holds a single serve to the large 3¾ oz. tin for family sized meals.

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HOT SNACK PLATTER *Recipes illustrated above*

1. **Norway Sardine-Egg Savoury**—Combine a (3¾ oz.) can Norway Sardines, 2 hard boiled eggs, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, salt and pepper to taste. Pile on toast or toasted cocktail crumpets and brown in oven or heat under grill.
2. **Norway Sardines Bombay**—Combine ½ cup crushed cereal crumbs with 1 level teaspoon Curry Powder. Drain oil from a (3¾ oz.) can Norway Sardines and roll in crumbs. Arrange a slice of tomato on hot toast and 3 sardines on top of each tomato. Bake in hot oven or toast under grill.

3. **Norway Sardine Open-Face Snack**—Toast bread, top with tomato slice then sardines, season with salt and pepper. Top with mayonnaise. Place under grill, heat gently until mayonnaise bubbles.
4. **Toasted Norway Sardine Sandwiches**—Butter bread on both sides. Put slice of cheese on bread, place sardines over cheese and cover with remaining cheese bread slice. Toast under grill until golden brown.
5. **Eggs and Norway Sardines on Toast**—Pile scrambled eggs on toast, top with Norway Sardines, garnish with olives.



INSIST... INSIST ON NORWAY SARDINES

Look for this emblem of the Norwegian Cannery Association—it is on many tins of Norway sardines.

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Recently I met my doctor socially and he remarked how well I looked. I told him I was taking Menthoids and he replied, 'They certainly seem to be doing you good.'

(Original letter in Head Office.)
That woman's success story could be yours. If you suffer rheumatism, fibrositis, backache or muscular aches and pains. Don't suffer needlessly! Get a flask of Menthoids from your Chemist or Store for 9/- (a month's supply), the economy size for 15/- (containing twice the quantity), or a trial size flask for 5/-.

**MACKENZIE'S
MENTHOIDS**

A sports car fan was Daring Dan. He started the common, closed sedan, and said, 'Give me the open air.' The free wind blowing through my hair, and winter's icy blast look bold. And each day brought a cough or cold. 'Take Woods', advised his sporting friends. 'Stay free of chills till winter ends.' **WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT COMPOUND** for Coughs and Colds

AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● I remember reading once of a hostess who kept a log-book of her dinner parties—a check-list of guests, of what she wore, and the food served.

THE check-list recorded who came early, who came late, who fished the prawns out of their entree and left them on the side of their plate, who had second helpings, and who looked as though it was all they could do to choke down the first.

Her theory was that only in this way could she give a dinner party where everybody had the food they liked, in the company they liked, and served the way they liked it.

I wish I had a quarter of her system. My trouble is that usually I can't for the life of me remember what I gave people the last time they had dinner with us, and when I have finally decided what I'll make it's ten to one that I can't remember whom I got the recipe from.

I'm likely to find that I've served one of my guest's specialities, only not quite so perfectly cooked as she would do it.

I regard with the deepest suspicion those of my friends who say they "adore" giving more or less formal dinner parties. I don't believe it.

Either their houses and the contents of sideboards and cupboards are in a most unnatural state of readiness at all times or else they must find it just as much of a grind as everyone else does.

I know it takes me the whole day to prepare — glasses that have been put away clean all seem to need washing, the flowers obstinately collapse every time I take my eyes off them, one of the table-mats I want to use has always mysteriously vanished, and it's usually a day when practically everyone I know rings me up and talks for half an hour at least.

Probably most housewives who haven't got a mania for cooking and entertaining are at their best with unexpected or last-minute guests.

If they can open an extra tin of something, or whip up an omelet, or improvise in some way so that the food that was going to be just enough for the family stretches to feed two or three more, then they're doing their best cooking, and enjoying doing it.

It's the formal note — the inviting people well in advance of the day and so giving them the idea that things are going to be done in your best, slap-up manner — that leads to severe dinner-party blues in the hostess.

Problems in formal entertaining

IT'S a bit difficult, too, to know how many people to ask — to strike a balance between the right number for conversation (and your dinner table) and the chance to "get off" another couple or two who've been on your conscience.

A famous hostess once said that the proper number of guests to invite to a dinner was "Not more than the Muses or less than the Graces."

I had to look that one up to discover that it meant not more than nine or less than three.

I'm sure she was talking about a household where there was either one host or one hostess only, so that her numbers would give two couples, or five.

That's another of the problems of formal entertaining — this convention which says that you must have the sexes evenly balanced.

The sort of entertaining I enjoy most is the much more casual sort — out of doors in the summer or round the fire in winter.

There's not the same need to worry about balancing your numbers exactly; you can often serve food that you've prepared well ahead so that there's no last-minute flap with the hostess missing all the best of the pre-dinner conversation.

Food with a Christian name

I'M safe here on recipes, too. I've got one I know that I didn't get from any of my friends.

It's called Jo Mazzotti—the only dish I know with a Christian name. You need
1 cup of butter or other cooking fat.
8 large onions, sliced.
1½ lb. lean minced pork.
3 small cans concentrated tomato soup.
1 lb. mushrooms, sliced.
1 bunch of celery, diced.
2 green peppers, cut fine.
Juice of ½ a lemon.
1 lb. of sharp cheese, cut small.
Salt and pepper.
1 large packet of broad noodles.

You melt the fat, add the pork and onions, and cook until they are well browned. Add all the remaining ingredients except the noodles, and simmer for about 15 minutes to make a rich sauce. In the meantime boil the noodles, and when they are done drain them and stir them into the mixture. Put a lid on the saucepan and cook it all slowly for about an hour.

This is supposed to serve 16 — but it won't, if they like it. It's certainly enough for ten or twelve.

I work some variations on the recipe. You can use any raw mince meat — it's good made with minced steak. It's best of all made for about six people with the full 1½ lb. of minced pork, and half all the other ingredients.

There's plenty of vegetable in it, so you don't need anything except a plate, a fork, your Jo Mazzotti, and a fire—and perhaps a loaf of garlic bread to eat with it. I make this by crushing two cloves of garlic into a quarter of a pound of softened butter, spreading one side of each slice of a Vienna loaf liberally with it, and pushing the loaf tightly together again. Ten minutes in a really hot oven heats it all through and bakes the crust beautifully crisp.

Garlic's a bit risky, of course, unless you keep a log-book of your guests' tastes! You can do it just as well with chopped chives added to the softened butter.

Hostess' secret for washing-up

I'VE invented a washing-up time-saver for entertaining which is known in the family as The Sydney Swift Sluicing System.

Suppose you've got eight for dinner and you're serving a three-course meal at the dining-room table.

Just before you take the first course in — soup or whatever it is — you fill the sink with the hottest water you can get and add detergent to it.

When you bring the soup plates out you drop them straight in the sink and take in the main course. When you bring that out you lift the soup plates into the drainer and drop the meat plates in. When you bring the pudding plates out, the meat plates are ready to drain and the pudding plates go in.

By the time you've made the coffee the washing-up is done without anyone knowing.

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Cheese is a wonderful food — always put a **cheese** from **KRAFT** on your table

INDIVIDUAL TOMATO CUPS



USE A TEASPOON for scooping the pulp from tomatoes, turn upside down to drain before seasoning, sprinkling with crumbs.



LEMON JUICE helps to keep the fish fillets white as well as giving extra flavor. Roll fillets with skin side out to preserve their shape.

DEBBIE, our teenage chef, finds that these fish-filled tomatoes are an ideal dish to serve for entrees, luncheons, or buffet meals.

Here is the recipe. Spoon measurements are level.

Six tomatoes, salt, pepper, breadcrumbs, 6 fillets whiting, bream, or flounder, juice of 1 lemon, 1oz. butter (melted), extra 3 tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons flour, 1 pint milk, 1 cup frozen or cooked peas, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup grated cheese, cayenne pepper.

Cut a slice off the top of each tomato and scoop out pulp. Season each with salt, pepper, and sprinkle with breadcrumbs. Remove skin from fish fillets and soak in lemon juice. Roll up, secure with cocktail sticks, and place one in each tomato cup. Arrange in a greased casserole dish, sprinkle with salt, pepper, melted butter, and breadcrumbs. Bake in a moderate oven until tomatoes and fish are tender. Prepare sauce: Melt butter in saucepan, add flour, and cook 1 minute without browning. Add milk and stir until mixture boils and thickens. Fold in peas, cheese, and season with salt and cayenne pepper. Simmer 5 minutes. Pour around tomatoes in dish. Serve hot.



CHOOSE large, firm, even-sized tomatoes when making these cups so they will not become too soft or split during the baking.



SAUCE PREPARATION can be done ahead of time or while tomatoes are baking. Cover to prevent skin forming while standing.

so you've got
a sore throat . . .

and you can't
swallow!

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Strepsils?

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of mine!

—of course you
feel better already.







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LESSON 19: By Leila C. Howard

Cookery Course

CASSEROLES

—Ingredients, flavorings, toppings

CASSEROLES will always be a boon to the housewife because they are suitable for an endless variety of foods and are one of the easiest dishes to prepare and cook.

The modern casserole can be defined as any meat or poultry combined with vegetables which is cooked with liquid in a covered utensil in the oven.

ADVANTAGES

All casseroles containing raw foods are cooked very slowly in a moderate oven to ensure mingling of ingredients and flavors. This method has numerous advantages, the main one being that the casserole can be placed in the oven and left to cook undisturbed.

Casseroles are:
• Ideal for freezing and for pre-cooking and reheating. They seem to gain in flavor and improve on reheating the day after making.
• Easy to serve because they can be taken to table in the dish in which they were cooked.
• Economical because less expensive cuts are suited to slow cooking.

EQUIPMENT

The first essential for a successful casserole is the correct type of utensil. This can be earthenware, enamelled cast iron (useful, as it can be placed over direct flame), copper, ovenproof china, or ovenproof glass. Copper pans are good because they produce even heat.

All utensils should have a tight-fitting lid, but if lacking this they can be covered with aluminium foil. A really attractive casserole dish does improve the appearance of its contents when served at the table, so choose carefully from the wide range now available.

INGREDIENTS

The following ingredients are all suitable:
MEATS

As previously stated, the tougher, more fibrous cuts of meat are mainly used. These have more flavor than more expensive cuts, and the long cooking tends to dissolve tough fibres. Cuts of beef, veal, mutton, lamb, and pork most suitable for casserole cookery are:

Beef: Round, blade, chuck, or skirt steak, oxtail, topside steak, and short ribs.

BASIC RECIPE AND MODERN VARIATIONS

BASIC RECIPE

One pound steak, 1 onion, 1 dessertspoon fat, 1 tablespoon flour, salt, pepper, 1 pint water, 1 carrot, 1 turnip, 1 stick celery, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley.

Remove all fat from meat, cut into 2in. squares. Peel, slice onion. Heat fat in frying-pan, add meat, brown quickly on both sides. Remove, add onion, flour, salt and pepper, brown well, add water, stir until boiling. Transfer contents to casserole, add meat, cover tightly, cook in slow oven 1 hour. Peel, wash remaining vegetables, cut into small pieces, add to casserole. Cook further 2 hours, sprinkle with chopped parsley before serving.

Note: This recipe can be varied by adding garlic and mixed herbs in desired quantities or by substituting red wine for some or all of the water. Add other vegetables as desired.

SALMON WITH SCONE WHIRLS

One large tin salmon, 2 eggs (hard-boiled), 1 green pepper, 1 red pepper, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon grated onion, 2 teaspoons curry powder, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 cups milk, salt, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, 8oz. scone dough, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, extra milk.

Flake salmon, add chopped eggs and peppers. Heat butter, add onion and curry powder, cook slightly. Blend in flour, cook 2 minutes, add 2 cups milk, stir until mixture boils and thickens. Season with salt, lemon juice, add salmon mixture, turn into casserole.

Roll scone dough out to thin oblong sheet. Sprinkle with parsley, roll up. Cut into 1in. slices, place on top of salmon, brush with milk. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, cook 5 minutes.

NEXT WEEK: How to make scones

Veal: Neck chops, shanks.

Mutton and Lamb: Breast, neck chops, and shanks.

Pork: Spare ribs, chops.

POULTRY

Casserole cookery is an excellent way to use the older, tougher birds and less tender portions such as legs.

Rabbits also make excellent casseroles.

VEGETABLES

Onions, carrots, and celery are most generally used in casseroles, but almost any vegetable can be added. They should be cut in large or small pieces, according to length of time casserole is to cook.

Vegetables such as mushrooms, red or green peppers, garlic, tomatoes, and herbs will give distinctive flavors to casseroles.

BASIC METHODS

Meat is cut into service-sized pieces and trimmed of fat. Vegetables are prepared.

Care must be taken not to use too much liquid and to remember that water content of vegetables is drawn out during cooking. Liquid can be thickened with flour or cornflour, if desired, or by reduction (fast cooking with lid removed, causing evaporation of liquid).

Cooking times vary with quantities and sizes of ingredients, including vegetable pieces, but basic casseroles should be cooked slowly for a long time to ensure full flavor and to make meat and vegetables quite tender.

If desired, meat used in casseroles can be marinated in a mixture of equal parts of vinegar or wine and oil before cooking. This marinade serves as the cooking liquid, and is thickened and poured over the meat and vegetables. Marinade gives extra flavor, helps to make meat fibres tender.

TOPPINGS

Partially cooked casseroles can be enhanced by the addition of toppings such as:

Scones, plain or in savory whirl fashion.

Pasty pieces cut out in circles or designs.

Potatoes as puffs or piped rosettes.

Crumbs, such as crumbled breakfast cereal or bread or potato crisps.

Topping should be placed on uncovered casserole, which is then given extra cooking time, depending on type of topping used.

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A.R. TABS

Lord Polkinghorne, now ninety-eight, once wandered in a frigid clime. His expeditions stood the test. Of sleet and snow on Everest. And Polar blizzards never stained. A man—he said, "I owe my life to A.R. TABS—its worth its weight in gold."

WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT COMPOUND for Coughs and Colds

CANNED FRUIT CONTEST

£2000 prizes for recipes

● Our £2000 Canned Fruits Recipe Contest, which was launched last week, has already been welcomed with great enthusiasm by thousands of readers.

THE wonderful prizes in this contest include a Grand Champion Prize of £1000 for the best recipe entered in any of the three sections.

There are first prizes of £100 in each of the three sections; second prizes of £50 in each section; third prizes of £30; fourth prizes of £20; and fifth prizes of £10.

Readers are invited to enter by sending in one or more recipes which feature canned pears, canned peaches, or canned apricots as the main ingredient.

These three types of canned fruits comprise the three sections of the contest, which are:

Section 1: Pears

Section 2: Peaches

Section 3: Apricots

The wide variety of recipes eligible makes this an easy contest. Recipes for any or all of the dishes listed below can be entered in any of the three sections.

These dishes are:

SOUP.

ENTREE OR SAVORY.

MEAT OR FISH DISH.

HOT OR COLD PUD-
DING.

ANY SWEETS COURSE
DISH, including pastry and cake suitable to serve as dessert.

Will readers please note that the pears, peaches, and apricots used in all recipes submitted in this contest must be canned fruits, not fresh. They can be whole, halved, or sliced fruits.

Cans of the sweetened or unsweetened fruit pulp and diabetic diet varieties can also be used.

The wide range of dishes listed above allows competitors great scope to show their skill and ingenuity as cooks.

Most of our readers are no doubt familiar with the three canned fruits featured in this contest, and use them frequently when making main dishes, cakes, desserts, and pastries for their families.

They are readily available, are always in season, and are in general use in every Australian household.

They add flavor, color, and

taste to casseroles, salads, roasts, and many other meat and fish dishes. Their value in enhancing desserts, puddings, cakes, pastries, and savories is known to all housewives.

New or adapted recipes as well as old family favorites are all eligible for this contest, in which wonderful cash prizes are to be won.

But please remember that all recipes submitted must feature canned pears, canned peaches, or canned apricots as the main ingredient.

In addition to the big cash prizes, three progress prizes of £10 each will be awarded weekly, and the recipes published throughout the contest.

The first three progress prize winners will appear in our issue of August 2.

Why not enter a recipe and have a chance of winning the Grand Champion Prize of £1000 or one of the other big prizes.

To enter, all you have to do is to write out each recipe clearly, or type it, using a separate sheet of paper for each recipe. Write sender's name and address (including State) on each sheet of paper.

Mark the section in which it is entered at the top of each recipe.

Send entries to:
Canned Fruits Recipe Contest,
Box 5252, G.P.O.,
Sydney.

THE PRIZE LIST

Below are the big cash prizes to be awarded in this contest.

Grand Champion Prize (best recipe in contest) £1000

First Prize in each section £100

Second Prize in each section . . . £50

Third Prize in each section . . . £30

Fourth Prize in each section . . . £20

Fifth Prize in each section . . . £10

Forty-four consolation prizes, each £5

In addition, three progress prizes of £10 each will be awarded throughout the contest.

Competitors can enter as many recipes as they wish in any or all of the three sections.

To simplify judging, please use level spoon measurements and the eight liquid ounce cup measure in all recipes submitted.

The judges will be Leila C. Howard, our food and cookery expert, assisted by our panel of other cookery experts. They will open and judge every recipe submitted.

CONTEST RULES

Write clearly or type each recipe on a separate sheet of paper. Write sender's name and address (including State) on each sheet of paper.

Mark the section in which it is entered at the top of each recipe.

Address entries to Canned Fruits Recipe Contest, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

The judges will open and judge every entry. Their decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.

If two or more competitors enter an identical recipe, the first one opened will be eligible for a prize.

The results as published shall be final and binding on all competitors. All competitors taking part in the contest agree as a condition of entry to accept such results as final and binding.

Employees of Australian Consolidated Press and members of their families are not eligible to enter this contest.

BEAN AND BACON SAVORY

In our color cookery page last week there was a misprint in the ingredients for the bean and bacon savory. The ingredients should read: 1lb. french beans, 1lb. bacon, pinch monosodium glutamate, 2 large onions, melted butter, salt.

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SERVE this tasty and colorful seafood chowder with thin slices of buttered bread. Recipe is at right.

READERS' RECIPES

● A Queensland reader wins the main prize of £5 this week for an unusual seafood chowder recipe.

THIS chowder includes scallops, prawns, and fish pieces. A small quantity of extra water and two cups of diced raw potato could be added to the chowder to make it go further.

Consolation prizes of £1 each are awarded to two simple but tasty

dessert recipes called Danish apple dessert and fruity rice.

All spoon measurements are level.

SEAFOOD CHOWDER

Six slices bacon, 1 cup chopped onion, 1 cup chopped celery, few slices of lemon, 1 clove garlic (sliced thinly), 1 pint water, 2 cups chopped skinned tomatoes, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 2 teaspoons salt, drop of tabasco sauce, 1 dessert-

spoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 lb. scallops (fresh or frozen), 1 lb. prawns, 1 lb. mackerel or other fish, 1 cup sherry, 2 tablespoons butter, toast.

Cut bacon into small pieces, cook in large saucepan over low heat until golden brown, stirring occasionally. Chop onions and celery, add to bacon, cover, and cook 5 minutes. Add lemon, garlic, water, tomatoes, curry powder, salt, tabasco and Worcestershire sauces in saucepan. Bring to boil, simmer 10 minutes. Thaw scallops, prawns, and fish (if quick frozen). Cut scallops into small pieces. If prawns are large, remove vein along back, rinse in cold water; drain. Add scallops and prawns to chowder. Cut fish into 1 in. pieces, add to chowder with sherry and butter. Cook further 15 minutes. This chowder is sufficient for 8 generous servings. Serve with dry, crisp toast.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. D. Johnson, 17 Coonara St., Holland Park, Brisbane.

DANISH APPLE DESSERT

One egg-yolk, 2 cups unsweetened stewed apple, 1 cup brown breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 4 tablespoons sugar or to taste, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, pinch grated nutmeg, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Topping: One egg-white, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence.

Beat egg-yolk and stir into stewed apples and breadcrumbs, melted butter, sugar, lemon rind, and spices; mix well together. Place in greased ovenproof dish, bake in moderate oven 25 minutes. Remove from oven, top with meringue made by beating egg-white until stiff, and then gradually adding the sugar and vanilla essence. Return to oven, bake further 15 minutes or until topping is browned.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. D. Bullock, 12 Bells Rd., Lifford, N.S.W.

FRUITY RICE

One cup uncooked rice, pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon coffee essence, 1 cup seeded raisins or sultanas, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 1 cup brown sugar, pinch nutmeg, 1 pint cream (whipped), extra walnuts for garnish.

Cook rice in boiling salted water until nearly cooked, add coffee essence, boil until rice is quite cooked; drain well. Stir in raisins, walnuts, sugar, and nutmeg. Mix well, allow to cool. Fold in half whipped cream. Spoon into serving-dishes, top with remaining cream, garnish with walnuts.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Dunn, 52 Mayne Rd., Bowen Hills, Brisbane.

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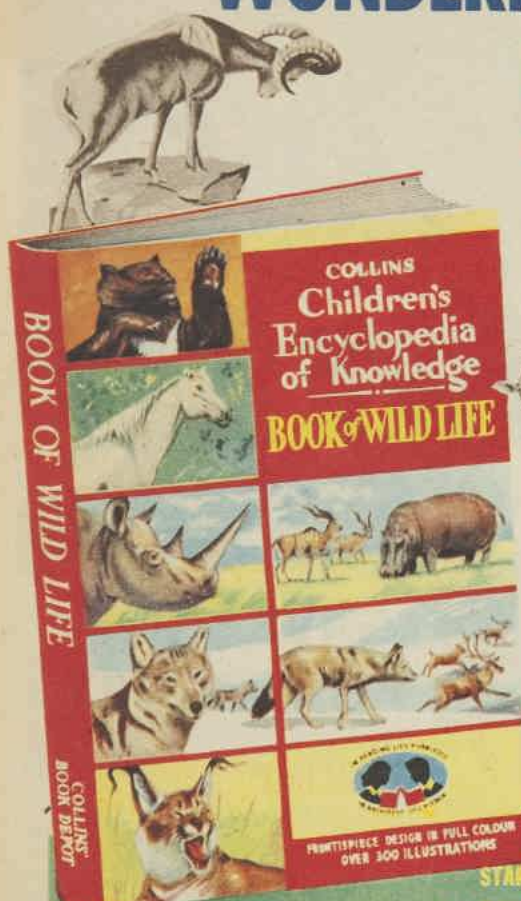
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Collectors' Corner

● Expert Mr. Stanley Lipscombe answers a reader's question about two antique plates.

"COULD you give me some information about these two plates, please? The blue-and-white one has no markings that I can see. The other plate belongs to a fruit set comprised of six plates and two dishes."—Mrs. A. M. Freeman, Brighton, S.A.

The fruit set is English Staffordshire and was made just over 100 years ago. The blue-and-white plate is probably Spode. It was made between the years 1825 and 1830, and is an interesting collector's piece. Both plates are shown below.



For information about your antiques send a photograph and description of the object, with a drawing of any markings, and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Collectors' Corner, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows attractive exterior design with steeply pitched roof, wide eaves, and terrace shaded by pergola.

BATHROOM DIVIDES HOUSE INTO LIVING AND SLEEPING

- This week's Home Plan has been skilfully designed to give separate living and sleeping areas. This has been done by placing the bathroom, shower-room, and separate toilet in a block in the centre of the house.

THE plan as drawn above is for a very wide block of land, but the carport position can be changed, and the plan turned round to fit on any site.

The best way to place this house on your site would be with the bedrooms facing east and the living-room and terraces opening to the north.

A spacious entrance hall, 13ft. 6in. by 7ft., has a cloak cupboard, and opens directly to the living-room and kitchen on one side and the bedrooms and bathroom on the other.

The living-room, 22ft. by 17ft. 6in., is divided by a free-standing fireplace to form separate dining and lounge areas.

A well-planned kitchen has a double-bowl sink, built-in hot plates and oven, and a recess for the refrigerator. Large work-benches double as a serv-ery to the dining area and can be used as a breakfast bar.

A compact laundry has space for a washing-machine, and has a deep trough and an ironing-bench.

Building costs for this house

are: In brick, £3750-£4500, with an area of 1220 squares; and in timber, with an area of 1140 squares, £3500-£4250.

These costs are, of course, approximate only, and do not include the price of your land. For accurate costs on your own site, consult your local Home Planning Centre (addresses at right).

A full set of plans, including five copies of full working drawings and three copies of specifications, are available for £10/10/- from the Centres.

If you order your plans by mail, please state the number of the plan, whether the house is to be built in brick or timber, whether or not the site is sewered, roofing material required, whether the plan is required as drawn or in mirror-reverse position.

Please also enclose cheque, money order, or postal note to cover the cost of the plan.

ADDRESSES OF CENTRES

ADELAIDE: John Martin & Co. Ltd., Rundle Street. (Telephone W0200.)

HOBART: FitzGerald & Co. Ltd., Collins Street. (Telephone 27221.)

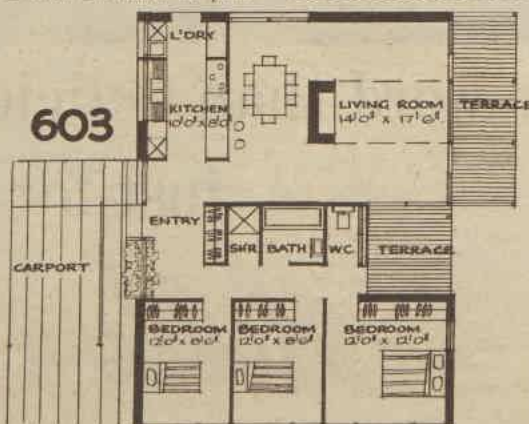
TOOWOOMBA: Pigott & Co. Pty. Ltd., Ruthven Street. (Telephone 7733.)

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern & Sons Ltd., Brickfield Hill. Please address all mail to Home Plans, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. (Telephone B0951, ext. 220.)

BRISBANE: McWhirter's Ltd., The Valley. (Telephone 50121.)

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium, Lonsdale Street. (Telephone 32044.)

GEELONG: The Myer Emporium, Malop Street. (Telephone X6111.)



FLOOR PLAN shows how the bathroom, shower-room, and toilet divide the house into two separate wings for living and sleeping.

ON YOUR FEET A LOT?



Here's blissful comfort for tired aching legs...

Supp-hose

THE SHEER SUPPORT NYLON STOCKINGS THAT EASE TIRED LEGS!

Countless women all over the world are discovering blissful comfort with SUPP-HOSE, the only fashionable stockings that support your legs!

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SUPP-HOSE support stockings look like any other sheer nylons; wash like other sheer nylons. Their gentle pressure gives wonderful support and blessed relief from tired, aching legs. Economical, too, because they outlast nine pairs of ordinary nylons. Are you on your feet a lot? Then try SUPP-HOSE. You'll be glad you did. 42/- pr.

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CORN FLAKES

"The best to you each morning."

AUSTRALIAN NATURE

• Wasps are one of the most fascinating insect groups, and the species pictured, *Eumenes bi-color*, is a common one.

Although it is sometimes misguidedly feared as a "hornet," it actually benefits gardens because it stocks its nest with caterpillars.

The nest is made up of from 2 to 20 mud cells, each of which contains one egg and from five to 11 caterpillars.

When the egg hatches, the larva feeds on the caterpillars and later eats the skins.

Sometimes big nests contain as many as 200 caterpillars, all destined to be eaten.



A WASP (*Eumenes bi-color*) engaged in the task of putting a caterpillar into the wasp nest to store it for larva food. The caterpillar has been semi-paralysed by the wasp's sting.



CARRYING a captive caterpillar, a wasp flies home to take it to the nest. The larva stage, during which the caterpillar will be eaten, lasts about six days.



A NEW CELL is added to the wasp nest. About six days after hatching, the larva spins a cocoon and rests as a pre-pupa for about a week. The true pupa is at first a creamy white, wingless replica of the adult wasp. Later it takes on adult colors and wings.

Pictures by Mr. P. Slater, Derby, W.A.

AN AUSTRALIAN WEEKLY — July 19, 1961

BECAUSE YOU KNOW

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Baby foods...every meal...every day



Nothing says "I love you" as much as the wise and tender care only you can give your baby. And, who knows better than you the importance of nourishing baby foods these vital early days. For now, as never again, is the time to build strong bones, a good digestion and happy disposition—the time for Heinz Baby Foods. Only Heinz provide baby's complete daily menus with over 80 varieties of Strained and Junior Foods. Like over a million happy, healthy young Australians, your baby will also benefit from the nourishing goodness of ready-to-serve Heinz Baby Foods every meal...every day.

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BABY FOODS

THE GOOD THEY DO YOUR BABY NOW — LASTS A LIFETIME

Page 45



Good for you...and your figure

Lunch time, supper time, any time, enjoy a Vita-Weat "sandwich". Crisp and satisfying, it boosts your energy yet safeguards your figure. That's because Vita-Weat is so low in calories — only 23 per biscuit. Start today on the Vita-Weat "eat and keep slim" plan.



P.S. Write today to Peek Frean (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., Box 113, Ashfield, N.S.W. for your free Vita-Weat "eat and keep slim" diet chart.

V14

KEEP Cold Free

Colds, coughs and 'flu are part of the miseries of life which you just grin and bear. Or do you? By taking Anti-Bi-San now you can build up powerful defences against colds; defences that can carry you right through the year, helping you to fight off each onslaught of colds and 'flu.

All you have to do to make sure of Anti-Bi-San protection is to take 7 tablets. Not all at once but over three days. At the same time make sure all the family take their dose too—there is a special 3-tablet treatment for children.

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Hosta is tough and handsome

● Planting hostas as a ground cover between a garden wall and terrace is an effective use of this hardy perennial. The variety above is *H. subcordata grandiflora*.

IF hosta plants weren't so good-looking, you could call them a weed—they are so tough and self-sustaining.

Few plants can match the beauty of their foliage, but they will grow untended in almost any garden.

The hosta is considered a shade plant, and certainly it will thrive with less light than almost anything else; but there is no need to grow it only in the shade. Plant it wherever you would like a strong

accent of cool green with a show of late summer flowers.

Although any of the hostas will grow in any exposure, it is best to put those with the largest leaves in filtered shade.

GARDENING

Hosta is at its luxurious best when grown in deep rich loam. It is completely hardy, and covers the ground so thoroughly that other seedlings will be shaded out and weeding is no problem.

The roots are within six inches of the surface, so it can safely be planted beneath tall shrubs.

The plant grows from root clumps, which can be planted from now through spring.

The names of hostas are unbelievably confused. There are about 12 kinds, to which some 70 different names have been applied. Some catalogues list them as funkia, niobe, or plantain lily.

Hazlewood Nurseries at Epping, N.S.W., and Hodgins Nurseries at Essendon, Victoria, have some of the varieties.



● Hostas planted on top of this roughly made rockery make an effective clump in the garden. They grow in all soils, need little care. *Hosta lancifolia* is shown here.



● Broad leaves of the hosta are a good foil for other less dramatic plants. The flowers of this variety, *H. fortunei*, rise well above the plant and are showier than many others.

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DS455.—Draped one-piece dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP

THIS draped dinner dress with softly feminine lines is my design choice for a young married woman. Here is part of her letter, and my reply:

"Could I have a pattern for a street-length dinner frock with a draped bodice? Do the patterns include instructions? I am a little nervous about tackling a drape."

The dress I have chosen in answer to your design query is illustrated at left. I hope it will appeal to your fashion taste. I'm sure you will have no difficulty with the drafting and sewing, as our patterns all include a step-by-step instruction chart with full details. Details and how to order are beside the picture.

"What is correct to wear to a cabaret dinner?"

Your dress is governed by what your escort wears. If he wears a black tie, you will be correct in a short- or long-skirted evening dress. If he wears a lounge suit, you wear an afternoon dress.

"Is navy taffeta suitable to wear to a late-afternoon wedding?"

Yes; in the recent spring collections navy was featured by several high-couture houses, including Maison Dior.

"My problem is a style for a between-seasons silk suit. I want it young and simple to suit a fair-haired girl."

Interpret "suit" by a sleeveless dress and matching jacket, and you will have a really new spring fashion. Have the dress sleeveless, with a slightly dropped waistline and flared skirt; the jacket waist-length with an easy cut. For the material and color I suggest silk shantung in vivid blue.

"I live in a district with an extreme summer climate and find it difficult to get cool, attractive clothes for home wear. I am 19, fairly well built, and have a dark complexion."

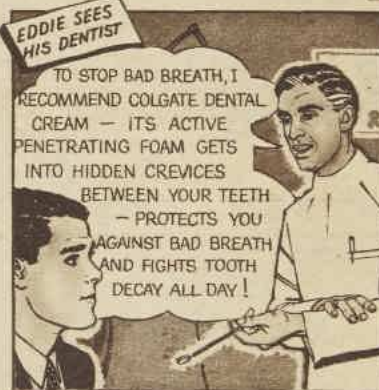
Just about the coolest at-home fashion I know is a short or ankle-length muu-muu. A muu-muu can be worn belted, but it's coolest when it's not. Finish it with flat, open sandals.

"I am going north for a seaside holiday. Could you suggest something smarter than the usual cotton sunfrocks in size S.S.W.?"

Very new for resort wear is a knee-length dress like a slip, slit up the sides, and worn over matching shorts. The dress should be beltless and sleeveless, with a high, round neckline. Color and material suggestion: cotton in lilac, tangerine, or chalk-white.



So, What Have I Done This Time?



STOP BAD BREATH with COLGATE

WHILE YOU Fight Tooth Decay All Day!

Use Colgate Dental Cream to stop bad breath and fight tooth decay. Colgate's active, penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth, removing decaying food particles, the cause of much bad breath and tooth decay. Protect your

teeth the Colgate way. To stop bad breath, to fight tooth decay, to keep your teeth sparkling white, brush your teeth with Colgate. Children love its extra minty flavour! You will love it, too!

FOR WHITE TEETH
AND FRESH BREATH... MORE
PEOPLE BUY COLGATE
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COLGATE
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CLEANS YOUR BREATH
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*Get the big family size and save 3/-

Just one brushing with COLGATE
STOPS BAD BREATH INSTANTLY
FIGHTS TOOTH DECAY ALL DAY
as no other toothpaste can -
ANY COLOUR - ANY KIND

Jacqueline Kennedy

From page 25

husband to New York's Hospital for Special Surgery, where a lumbar spine operation was attempted. The operation was a failure.

Infection set in, and the Senator became so desperately ill that family and staff members were alerted at midnight.

It was believed he might not live until morning, and the last rites were administered. But he battled gamely, and, though still in great pain, improved sufficiently to be flown on a stretcher to Florida for Christmas.

The Senator came north again in six weeks to undergo a second—and this time successful—operation. He left the hospital to return from Florida in April for a check-up. Then Senator Kennedy was referred to Dr. Travell, who discovered his leg discrepancy. She also cured his muscular spasms by novocain which, injected directly, rapidly relaxed the cramped muscles, restoring them to their original length and thus causing them to function normally.

During these trying hospital sieges Jacqueline, in never-ending attendance, lived in New York with Jack's sister, Jean. When he was critically ill he was cared for authoritatively by nurses, but when he began to get better it was difficult to bolster the morale of so active a person.

"I think convalescence is harder to bear than great pain," Jacqueline says. "He was so brave always."

She tried in every imaginable way to perk his spirits. She read to him. She took time to poke in old bookstores for curious tomes which would pique his interest. She brought him idiotic presents to coax a smile. They had poetry-learning contests. When he was well enough, she lured old friends and "fun people" to his hospital room.

Her most sensational coup was trapping Grace Kelly before her marriage to Prince Rainier. They met at a small dinner. It was before Jack had received visitors, and nights he was depressed by the elderly, after-dark nursing crew.

So when Grace asked how the Senator was, Jacqueline had a brilliant inspiration. Grace

returned with her to the hospital, then tapped on the patient's door. When he answered grumpily she walked in, announcing, "I'm the new night nurse." A glimpse of dazzling Grace boosted her "patient's" temperature, pulse, and morale sky-high.

The Senator returned to the Senate in May. He had been away almost eight months. During his long convalescence he had written a Pulitzer Prize book, painted a number of excellent pictures, conquered a distressing injury, and, more important, through pain had gained new depth of character and perception.

Jacqueline, too, had changed. She was more tender, more understanding, and more of a woman. For the Kennedys, truly these eight months had not been wasted.

John Fitzgerald Kennedy says that the above is a picture of the Kennedys. He is the straight line and Jacqueline the ups and downs. "He is a rock," says his wife, "and I lean on him in everything. He is so kind. (Ask anyone who works for him!) And he's never irritable or sulky. He would do anything I wanted or give me anything I wanted."

The ups and downs represent Jacqueline's many-faceted character which never ceases to charm her husband. She amuses him enormously, and can always make him laugh, as he can her. He never could "get mad" with her.

Before marriage Jack Kennedy was probably far too busy to give much thought to a woman's mind or emotions. Now, in Jacqueline, he admires both. And especially her self-sufficiency in maintaining an inner life of her own, devoted to her children, books, her drawing and painting, which keeps her content, though not happy, when he is away.

He is lost without her. (Though obviously he does not moon about her in the middle of a campaign.) Old friends, used to bachelor-day fun, take note that should Jacqueline



• Caroline, who'll be four in November, was a merry baby. Jacqueline's first miscarried; her second was stillborn.

leave the room, their pal is likely to keep his eye peeled on the door, to tap his teeth with a pencil, and query restlessly, "Where's Jackie?"

For Jacqueline has brought beauty, laughter, and order into her husband's life. Beauty not only in her person but in the lovely "things" she surrounds them with.

Flowers used simply; French drawings; graceful furniture; fragile china and linens; softly colored fabrics; charming bibelots, each with some special appeal. All these Jack Kennedy, now President of the United States, appreciates.

Laughter, through her wit, for few can be more amusing with less effort.

Order, the main factor missing from his bachelor life, a continual rushing to planes, grabbing hot dogs, malteds, candy bars. Jacqueline cocooned him smoothly, running his house, conjuring delicious food, seeing to his clothes, getting him places, all with efficient unobtrusiveness. This protectiveness notably improved his health, buoyed his energy, and made possible even more phenomenal Kennedy accomplishments.

What John Fitzgerald Kennedy brought into his wife's life is all-encompassing—a *raison d'être*. Her only resentment: she sees too little of him, and he is so often telephoning when she wants to talk to him.

Stayed at home

During recent years, as the Senator stepped up his pace toward the Presidency, the Kennedys evolved a design for living based on Jacqueline's belief that her husband's incredible energy must be replenished by good food and plenty of sleep. Her most publicised device for keeping her husband properly fed was to dispatch luncheons to his office on a covered hot plate.

These hot plates, identical with the nickel-and-china affairs used by Caroline, contained the same baby fare — peas-chop-potatoey meals — prepared in the Kennedy kitchen. They proved so tempting that the Senator abandoned his habit of snatching a midday sandwich or nibbling a candy bar.

On weekday evenings the Senator and his wife seldom left home, often were alone, occasionally invited a few friends to dine. In a city where entertaining is a major business Jacqueline went to formal social functions so infrequently that for several years she did not own a single long evening gown.

"Weekends, when most people were relaxing," Jacqueline explained, "Jack worked hardest."

For three years previous to his ultimate campaign he crisscrossed the country, speaking almost everywhere he was invited (back in



• Jacqueline finds quietude in painting. She introduced this hobby to her husband during his convalescence, and he achieved some interesting pictures, but he hasn't done any painting since.

1959 he received almost 10,000 invitations to speak) and finding out how the country responded to his ideas.

"For instance, we might fly to Oregon for three or four days," Jacqueline reminisced. "Then we would get up at six-thirty a.m. and go to breakfasts, luncheons, dinners in different places."

Jacqueline went on most of these trips. She learned to travel light. She took along a suit, a wool dress, a dressier dress with a jacket to ward off draughts at banquets.

The campaign night which she remembers most vividly was the one when her husband was nominated for the Presidency. He was in Los Angeles; she was in Hyannis Port, on the other side of the continent. Throughout the interminable evening she sat in a straight-backed chair painting with furious concentration.

Her mother and stepfather were with her. They watched TV and relayed a running account of what was happening. From time to time Jacqueline would drop her brush to see as well as hear the excitement. They stayed near the set until five a.m. Jacqueline finished her painting, a pixyish interpretation of the Senator's triumphant return.

Next morning at ten, fresher than any daisy, she presided at her first Press conference as potential First Lady.

Shortly before noon on January 20 the President-elect and Mrs. John Fitzgerald Kennedy crossed the White House threshold together for the first time. They stopped en route to the Inaugural Ceremony at the Capitol.

The President-elect and his wife left their own limousine at the White House, he to join President Eisenhower for the ride down Pennsylvania Avenue, while Jacqueline and Mamie Eisenhower followed in a second car. They were to return after the splendid ceremony and a following luncheon in the old Senate chamber of the Capitol as the Thirty-fifth President of the U.S. and the Thirty-first First Lady.

At 12.15, fifteen minutes after the new President had been sworn in, personal suitcases, Caroline Kennedy's rocking-horse, and, wrapped in protecting plastic, the First Lady's white-satin-and-chiffon inaugural gown were brought into the White House.

A few days later some of the choicest pieces of French furniture from the Kennedys' home, paintings, books, and baby John's white wicker, pink-ribbon-run, dotted-Swiss-swathed bassinet arrived.

Thirty-one years ago this same bassinet had been elaborately beruffled in peachy point d'esprit. In it, wide-eyed, grave, with a fluff of faintly curling black hair, had lain a placid infant named Jacqueline Lee Bouvier. Its new occupant—nine and a half pounds, thin and long—had had a hard time getting born. He is the newest, most-beloved symbol of the Kennedy regime.

Matilda is good-looking, gay, and altogether wholesome, sparkling with good humor. Colonel Bullifant, who is Mrs. Hemingway's brother and who has lived at the deanery since his retirement, once hit the nail on the head in defence of Matilda by saying, "My dear Martha, if mere safety is as important as you believe it to be, the safest place to keep the world's art treasures would be at the bottom of a coalmine, where nobody could see them and where, therefore, the fact that they were beautiful would be of no importance whatsoever. Let Matilda live her life, not shelter from it."

Nothing Matilda did was wrong in Colonel Bullifant's eyes, for she was the daughter he never had and the chief joy of his declining years.

Of the dean himself there is little to say—at least, in so far as this story is concerned. In the greater world

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which lies beyond Thankerton he enjoys a reputation for piety, wit, and wisdom, but within the walls of the deanery his importance shrinks pitifully to something near the vanishing point.

Mrs. Hemingway chides him for his forgetfulness and absence of mind, but what she does not know is that over the years he has built up a well-nigh impregnable defence mechanism by the simple device of switching off his hearing-aid when he sees a certain look on his wife's face.

Now as to the crisis at the deanery. Three years before this story opens, Matilda was singing soprano in the cathedral choir. Percival, the oldest son and heir of Lord Thankerton, was singing tenor. At the annual choir

picnic Matilda and Percival, eighteen and twenty-two years of age respectively, fell in love.

They exchanged promises. Worse, when Matilda went for a year to a finishing school in Switzerland they exchanged letters. From exile in Lausanne, Matilda wrote some hum-dingers, borrowing some of the most lurid passages from a novel which had just been banned in Boston.

The letters were innocent, being nothing more than the expression of a romantic mood. But an evil mind—and even a cathedral close is not entirely free from these—might have put an evil interpretation upon them.

Mrs. Hemingway, who found Percival's letters under a loose board in Matilda's bedroom, was delighted, for mothers who did not flinch from the prospect of having grandchildren with receding chins regarded Percival as a catch. After all, a few receding chins in the next generation were a small price to pay for a coronet, to say nothing of Thankerton Castle, the rent roll which went with the earldom and a seat in the peeress' gallery of the House of Lords.

The love which blossomed between Percival and Matilda was, alas, a tender plant! It survived the twelve months' separation during which Matilda was in Lausanne and Percival at Thankerton, warmed by the steady flow of incandescent letters which

they exchanged. But when she returned home—still dizzy from the attentions of a blond-beast ski-instructor—one look at poor Percival told her that she had made a mistake.

Percival was, if nothing else, an extremely nice young man. He accepted the situation gracefully. But Lord Thankerton, who had pinched all Matilda's letters to read during the long winter evenings, was considerably less graceful about it. In short, he would be dashed if he would allow his son, the future Lord Thankerton, to be jilted by the daughter of a mere dean. If there was any jilting to be done, it was, by virtue of his rank, Percival's privilege.

Mrs. Hemingway reminded Matilda of the sacrifices she, Mrs. Hemingway, had made, of the brilliant match she was missing, and of many other matters, most of which were irrelevant. The dean—poor man—switched off his hearing-aid for eleven consecutive days in his own home. Colonel Bullifant discarded his altogether when in his sister's presence. It was, indeed, a most distressing time for everyone concerned, not least for Matilda.

Colonel Bullifant—"Uncle Gussie" within the family circle—is best described at this time as a splendid ruin: a tall, handsome man with an erect military bearing, a pair of silver-white moustachios waxed to fine points, bushy eyebrows to match a lionine mane of silver hair, and good steady blue eyes.

It was to Uncle Gussie that Matilda brought her troubles when it seemed they were about to overwhelm her.

"Well, my dear," he clucked in his fruity baritone, "let's have it. What's the trouble?"

"Lord Thankerton's the trouble, Uncle Gussie. He's a pig. He's got hold of the letters I wrote to Percival when I was young, and he threatens to send them to Johnny—and Johnny, don't you see, is terribly jealous and—well, we plan to get married."

"Who the deuce is Johnny?"

"Johnny is an American, Uncle Gussie. I met him at a dance at the American air base. You've seen me playing tennis with him."

"Chap that looks as though he was dropped on his face as a baby, that him? Pinched his brother's clothes and gave 'em a few turns in a concrete-mixer instead of pressing 'em? You'd have done better marrying Percival."

"Johnny's nice, Uncle Gussie—really nice. I don't think he was dropped. He got that in boxing. He doesn't think clothes are important."

"What does he think is important?"

"I am, for one thing."

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- 1 cup water
- 1 cup cooked tomatoes
- 2 cups cooked macaroni
- 1 cup grated cheese
- 1 teaspoon salt

Brown onions and garlic in a saucepan with a tablespoon of butter. Add the meat and salt. Combine the Heinz Scotch Broth with the water and blend with the meat, then stir in the tomatoes and macaroni. Turn into a greased casserole and top with cheese. Bake in a moderate oven (375-400°) for 30 minutes. 4 serves.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMAN'S MIRROR

"What does he do for a living?"
 "Something in electronics — something frightfully hush-hush. I don't understand any of it."

"What's his other name?"
 "Culpepper — Johnny Culpepper. Pretty name, isn't it?"

"Where does he come from?"
 "From Arizona — Bandicoot Creek, Arizona."

"Nonsense! There's no such place. Arizona means dry zone. How could there be creeks in a dry zone? The man's making a fool of you. Tell him to go back and drown himself in the creek — that is, if he didn't invent it."

"But I love him, Uncle Gussie; I really do. I want to marry him."

"Well, what's stopping you? I suppose he has a couple of squaws in Arizona — that it?"

"No, it isn't that at all," wailed

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Matilda. "It's what I told you at the beginning — Lord Thankerton threatens to send Johnny the letters I wrote to Percival. It was Percival who warned me. What am I going to do, Uncle Gussie?"

"My advice would be to do nothing, my dear. Let Thankerton send the letters to this Johnny person. You aren't the first girl to write mushy letters and then when it was too late regret it. In my opinion you're making a mountain out of a molehill."

"You wouldn't say that, Uncle Gussie," faltered Matilda, blushing, "if you knew what was in the letters. They were quite harmless, really, but they could be made to sound simply terrible."

Colonel Bullivant appeared pro-

foundly shocked. "Do you know how it comes about, my dear," he asked, "that I'm still a carefree bachelor? I'll tell you. My father gave me a framed motto when I went into the Army. 'Gussie, my boy,' he said as he gave it to me, 'keep that before you always and it will save you from a lot of trouble.' He was right, too. It reads: 'Fear No Man And Do Right: Fear All Women And Don't Write.' Where does Thankerton keep the letters?"

"Percival thinks he keeps them in the drawer of that big oak desk in the library. I asked Percival to steal them for me; but he wouldn't."

"I should think not, indeed!" said Colonel Bullivant in a shocked voice.

"No, my dear. This quite evidently must be an outside job. I shall have to case the joint. I'll call on Thankerton, give him some soft soap about his roses. The chief constable's a pal of mine. I'll ask him to recommend a good reliable burglar."

"You really mean, Uncle Gussie, that you'll get those letters for me?"

"I'd do a lot more than that for you, my dear," said the old soldier. "I intend, furthermore, to find out how many wives your boy-friend left on the bonnie banks of Bandersnatch Creek, and, let me tell you," the old soldier added fiercely, "if there's any monkey business I'll shoot him in the liver."

"I love him, Uncle Gussie, and he loves me. Won't you understand?"

"You loved that chinless nincompoop Percival, or thought you did. It's my considered opinion that you're emotionally unstable. Does your mother know anything about this?"

"I don't think so, Uncle Gussie. I hope not, anyway. I don't think that Mother would be very — well, sympathetic."

Colonel Bullivant, who was inclined to agree with this massive understatement of the case, wiped imaginary beads of cold sweat from his brow as he contemplated his sister's wrath.

Johnny Culpepper, invited to lunch at the deanery at Colonel Bullivant's prompting, created a poor impression. He arrived wearing oil-stained and patched overalls and a badly cured sleeveless cowhide jerkin, blissfully unconscious of the effect upon his most conventional hosts.

With the dessert the early bad impression was partially dispelled by Uncle Gussie, who persuaded Johnny to talk about electronics and the shape of things to come. Even Mrs. Hemingway relented somewhat when — with the light of dedication in his eyes — Johnny gave them a glimpse of the wonders which within a measurable period of time were going to change the face of the world.

AFTER lunch Uncle Gussie seized Johnny by the arm, walking him round the close under the ancient elms. "Tell me, my boy," he said kindly, "did you happen to notice that the ham we ate for lunch had a pink paper trim on the shank end?"

"Yes, sir," replied Johnny wonderingly.

"Have you any idea why?"

"No, sir. I guess it must be an English custom."

"Quite right, my boy, it is. The idea is, don't you see, that it makes the ham more decorative. It doesn't affect the flavor, but it creates a better impression. It's a thought, eh?"

Johnny looked puzzled and waited. "I don't want to hurt your feelings, my boy," continued Colonel Bullivant, "but why don't you let me introduce you to a tailor — chap who makes clothes?"

The penny dropped. "I get it, sir," said Johnny with a grin. "The truth is that I don't seem to have much time for thinking of clothes. I've never thought them important."

"It's largely a matter of geography, my boy. The sort of thing suitable for fishing in Bandersnatch Creek becomes a trifle conspicuous on the cathedral close at Thankerton. Get me?"

"Well, sir, what are we waiting for? Lead me to your tailor!"

Thereafter, surprisingly, these two became close friends.

Meanwhile, the latest word from the castle via Percival was that every time Matilda's name was mentioned Lord Thankerton's blood pressure rose twenty points. There was small hope of any change of heart in that quarter.

Colonel Bullivant at this time was observed to be bustling about happily on unexplained mysterious errands, but the only news he imparted to Matilda was bad — the chief constable of the county, it seemed, was being uncooperative in the matter of finding a reliable burglar.

Matilda was able to put her fears aside in the pressure of work entailed as her father's secretary, organising the transportation and accommodation for delegates to the Quinquennial Ecclesiastical Conference, whose arrival in Thankerton was imminent.

Two days before the conference was due to open, Colonel Bullivant, looking happily conspiratorial, poked his head into the dean's study, which Matilda used as an office, and whispered loudly, "It's all under control, my dear. Trust your old Uncle Gussie."

The scene now shifts to Thankerton railway station some forty-eight hours later, just as two special trains from London are about to disrupt the placid life of the old town by disgorging seven hundred delegates of all ranks, shapes, and sizes, whose only common denominators are clerical attire, the bewildered air of men whose arrangements are in other hands, and curiously similar shabby brown suitcases.

A notice chalked on a blackboard requested them to present themselves at the trestle table set up in the station hall, where Matilda and seven other helpers were waiting to sort them out and send them to their respective destinations.

Glancing up from the lists she was checking, Matilda was shocked to observe a tall, imposing cleric, wearing the



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black leather gaiters which denoted the rank of bishop, sneaking furtively out of the station in the direction of the taxi rank without making himself known to the reception committee.

Indignant at this early flouting of the conference discipline, Matilda ran after him. "May I have your name, please?" she asked breathlessly.

"Don't be a fool, Matilda, or you'll spoil everything!" was the surprising reply. "Put me down as the Bishop of Outer Space and let go of my coat-tails."

Matilda looked up into Uncle Gussie's face, a clean-shaven Uncle Gussie, whose silver hair and eyebrows were dyed black. Knowing that his moustache was his pride and joy, she exclaimed tearfully, "You had it cut off for me?"

"My dear," said the old soldier with a gentle smile, "I'd cut off my head for you if it would do any good. Now, not a word to a soul!"

Picking up his shabby brown suitcase, Colonel Bullifant dived for a taxi.

Once again the scene shifts. The taxi which the transformed Colonel Bullifant took at the railway station enters the gates of Thankerton Castle and halts at the main entrance to the castle itself.

Lord Thankerton being one of the few remaining earls able to afford the luxury, the door was opened by a butler, who was aware that his employer had offered hospitality to ten delegates. "May I know your name, sir?" he asked politely.

"The Bishop of Patagonia," replied Colonel Bullifant.

"Shall I show you to your room, my lord, or would you prefer a cup of tea in the library?"

Electing the latter, Colonel Bullifant allowed himself to be ushered into the library, in

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a warning that his machine had no brakes! At the bottom of the hill, with red showing on the traffic lights, was the intersection of Thankerton High Street.

During the seconds which remained to him, having decided to leave his fate in the hands of providence, the old soldier reviewed the salient

checked his onrush to subsonic speed.

Straight ahead lay the gates of Thankerton Park, where a match was in progress between the Thankerton Wanderers Cricket Club and a team representing the American air base. The bicycle came to a dead stop outside the pavilion just as the match was ending in a somewhat heated exchange regarding the rules of cricket.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



episodes of his long and eventful life.

It is impossible to describe with any pretence of accuracy what happened during the split second as Colonel Bullifant arrived at and crossed the intersection, for no two accounts agree. But does it matter? Surely all that matters is that he got across the intersection scatheless and that the rising gradient of Castle Street

Colonel Bullifant created a diversion by falling off the bicycle just in time to avoid bloodshed. Willing hands carried him into the pavilion, where, three whiskeys and soda later, shocked and dazed by his ordeal, he tried unconsciously to reconcile the circumstances with any credible explanation.

"Y'know," he remarked conversationally, "I'm running

away from something or someone, but I'll be hanged if I can remember what. Came down that hill like a bat out of hell. Ruddy great bus slap in my way. No brakes! Must've gone through the bus or over it. Hello!" he exclaimed, looking down at his black gaiters. "Where in blue blazes did I get those? Bishops wear gaiters. Must be a bishop. It's coming back to me—well, just one for the road and I'll be off. Won't be long before the cops get here."

On the parking lot, climbing into a small sports car, was a young American jet pilot. "If the cops are really after you, pop, you'd better come along with me," he said hospitably. The old soldier accepted the invitation. He wanted to be somewhere else quickly. The rush of cool air helped to restore his normal faculties. He was remembering things. "Do you happen to know a young American friend of mine called Culpepper?" he asked.

"Johnny Culpepper? Sure I know him. Why?"

"Then I should be greatly obliged," said Colonel Bullifant, "if you would take me to him."

The Thankerton police, meanwhile, were trying to piece together and correlate a number of curious incidents reported to them by telephone. The first of these was the robbery at the castle allegedly committed by the Bishop of Patagonia, who had mysteriously disappeared, leaving behind him a suitcase containing two London telephone directories. An undergardener employed at the castle complained of the theft of his bicycle. A policeman on duty at the foot of Castle Hill was called a liar when he telephoned in his version of a bishop mounted on a bicycle leaping over a baby

carriage at "at least a hundred miles an hour."

The dean, listening to what the sergeant had to say, remarked gloomily, "One of those colonial bishops on the rampage, I suppose. I'll make inquiries and let you know. But I count on you to avoid scandal at any price."

To Matilda, an organising secretary of the conference billeting arrangements, was given the task of identifying the erring prelate and hushing up the inevitable scandal. "We shall have to call it amnesia, my dear," said the dean. "Have him rushed to Doctor Potter for diagnosis. I will telephone him to use the utmost discretion."

Further speculation was brought to an end by the arrival of a car at the gate of the deanery. From it, assisted by Johnny Culpepper, emerged Colonel Bullifant, clad in a shabby raincoat below which were the old soldier's ankle-length scarlet woollen underpants. His head was swathed in bandages. The car with Johnny Culpepper at the wheel disappeared swiftly.

"Augustus," said Mrs. Hemingway sternly as her brother tottered up the steps and into the hall, "what have you done with your moustache?"

"That's my affair," was the sour retort. "I've had a very trying day and I'm going to bed."

Colonel Bullifant staggered up the stairs toward his room, giving Matilda a large wink as he passed. "I'm getting too old for this sort of thing," he was heard to mutter as he finally disappeared.

On the following morning, when Matilda went to meet the postman, there was a registered envelope addressed to her in schoolboy print. In it, to her great relief, was the bundle of letters she had written to Percival from Lausanne. She put these at once into the kitchen stove. When they were burned to mere ash, she took Uncle Gussie his breakfast in bed, leaving his room in tears as he waved away her thanks.

There is little more to tell. When Lord Thankerton proved unco-operative and refused to disclose the nature of the "highly confidential papers" stolen from his desk, the police lost interest in the case. The undergardener recovered his bicycle.

Colonel Bullifant remained a prisoner at the deanery until his moustache was restored to its erstwhile magnificence. The happiness he read in Matilda's eyes was his reward.

The wedding of Johnny Culpepper and Matilda Hemingway took place at Thankerton Cathedral with a full choral service. The Bishop of Thankerton officiated. The dean gave away the bride, while Col. Augustus Bullifant, D.S.O., M.C., stood for the groom as best man, with tears of pure happiness running down his old cheeks.

"You're very thoughtful, darling," said Matilda as the honeymoon plane crossed the Alps into Italy. "A penny for them."

"I was wondering," said Johnny in a dreamy voice, "whether if you and I were separated for a long time you'd write me letters like those you wrote to Percival from Lausanne. Gee! They were just wonderful!"

"How did you come to see them?" asked Matilda, blushing furiously.

"They were in the pocket of Uncle Gussie's black coat that he left in my quarters when the cops were after him. He must have forgotten them."

"If I'd known that you had read those letters, Johnny," said Matilda gently, "I would have been too embarrassed ever to speak to you again."

"That's what I figured," replied Johnny calmly, "and that's why I didn't tell you."

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Continuing . . . EDGE OF THE SEA

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and don't understand why, they begin to worry about money; it's so convenient, always there to worry about. It isn't illness, she added. You're healthy as a puppy. It isn't anything about the children. Now don't tell yourself it's the children. The children are just fine.

She stood up and walked over to the window. She gazed questioningly at the uncoiling sea. Later there would be a moon. She would play the piano, Chopin, perhaps, and then read before going to bed. Don't dodge the issue, she cautioned herself. It's all right to console yourself, but first you have to find out what you are consoling yourself about.

She walked back to her chair. Yes, she thought. Yes. You will have a cocktail later, and a squab with wild rice. But that is consolation. Music, the sea, poetry, and squabs with wild rice—all of these are consolation and very good, too; but we must earn our consolation. And, above all, we must know for what pains and deprivations we seek comfort.

THE wood snapped, the fire leapt, the scent of the tea was delightful. She turned her gaze once more, thoughtfully, to Arthur's picture. The marvellous dark eyes looked down upon her. The eyes that never aged and never lost their glitter. He was too young to die, she protested, as she had protested perhaps a thousand times in this past year. He was too young. It wasn't time. There was so much we could have done.

And then she knew.

The wood diminished in size, while the flames grew. But how many times do you have to bury memory? she asked. I faced it the day it happened,

I faced it the day of the funeral; I faced it giving away his clothes and going through his papers and closing up the business. I faced it with each friend, I faced it selling the house, I faced it giving up the cabin. I faced it on every street we walked along. I faced it with each flower in the garden, with each book, each piece of music, each dress he liked, each jewel he gave me.

I faced it down to the last teacup, I faced it catching my breath when the sun set and when the moon rose. And now do I have to face it all again? Does he die all over in every new town? Do I go away from all the memories only to have him die once more?

She waited. She finished her tea and set the cup on the table beside the chair. Yes, she said to herself. Yes. He dies every day. He's never going to stop dying. Why did we have to be happy? Will you tell me that?

Why couldn't we have been miserable and distant like everybody else? Why couldn't we have been resentful and hostile and unsympathetic and competitive? Why couldn't we have hated one another like normal people? Why couldn't I rejoice? Why couldn't it have been me?

He shouldn't have left me, she thought, angrily. (That always came next. It came particularly in the night, when she would wake up suddenly, overwhelmingly aware of loss. How could he leave me alone like this? she always thought.)

She wanted to sleep beside him. She wanted the drowsy, contented feeling of reaching out and touching him in her sleep. She had never been able to sleep when he was away.

He's never going to come back, she told herself — not

unkindly. He's never going to burst through the door, burning up the air with his smile. But he was too alive to die. He was so indestructible. He's never going to reach for your hand while he's driving the car, he's never going to tell you you're beautiful. What's the use of being beautiful now?

He's never going to kiss the back of your neck, he's never going to see this room, to love this view, this fire, the painting you're going to do tomorrow. He's never going to be proud of you or disappointed or angry, he's never going to love the way you reign over a party, or need your calm; he's never going to look across a table at you or bring you a flower. You're never going to hear his voice. Go and feel his tweed coat if you want, but you won't find him in it.

There, she said. So now you know. You're alone, and you're going to be alone and the ache will be there until you die. It doesn't matter to where you move, or how many memories you try to leave behind you. You can go to Tahiti, but you're never going to get over the loss, so you needn't strain yourself. For that much, at least, be thankful.

You'll always hear the quiet, you'll always feel the empty place in the bed, you'll always see the chair without him in it, you'll feel as if it were yourself—that part of the wine he would have drunk, the part that stays in the bottle because he isn't here to drink it.

There are the children, she thought, steadily. There is the sea, she added. There's painting. I do love that, she told herself, tentatively. I'm really rather good at that. There are friends, she thought, and there are stars. There's Chopin. Thank Heaven for Chopin. And a little Shakespeare never did anyone any harm. There's food,

and although the taste of food is quite a different matter when it's shared with the one you love, still there is a taste when you eat it all alone. A cultivated taste. I will be brave. What else is there to be? There's a drink before dinner, and a sense of dignity, and sometimes an act of charity.

I must make friends with my loss, she thought. The time has come for us to learn to get along. We must practise understanding, tolerate one another, we must be gentle with me when I cry. We must comfort me with small things (for a woman without a man, all things become small), with little victories.

WE

must make little visits to friends, the children, the opera. We must look at blossoms and hug the children and taste raspberries and feel the warmth of a bath. In the evening there are always letters, and occasionally a little dinner-party.

She stood up. Now I can have the drink, she said. And perhaps some cheese. But no more than two drinks, she reminded herself, and not too much cheese. He hated you to talk too much. You always talk too much if you have three drinks. He detested fat women. You're not going to nibble cheese to feed your loneliness, and grow fat.

She looked again at the picture. She gave it a wry smile. "I'm going to manage," she declared. She turned and walked to the window, decisively pulling the curtains. Then she went to the kitchen, and at the doorway she paused, looking at the portrait. "Yes," she repeated, "I'm going to manage." She smiled once more. "But only just barely," she said, and then she went to the refrigerator, opened the door, and drew out a tray of ice.

Continuing . . . THE CASE OF THE DUPLICATE DAUGHTER

"Look at me, Mr. Mason. Believe me and believe my sincerity. I've lived my own life. I haven't conformed to the conventions. I've had an illegitimate child. You know that. I could have married the father of Glamis Barlow in order to give the child a name. But when he learned I was in trouble he didn't care, so I lost all respect for him. I made up my mind that I'd have my own child in my own way. I came out here and disappeared and defied all of his efforts to find me then or later.

"Anybody could dig into my past and find a lot of things that showed I'd been untrue to the conventions, but I defy anybody to show that I've ever been untrue to myself or to my own best convictions. And as

long as I feel that way I'll throw any blackmailer out of the house."

Mason said, "If we could establish those facts it might help a lot."

"What do you mean, if we could establish them?"

Mason said, "Mrs. Gilman, I want you to look me in the eyes. Are you lying?"

She looked him in the eyes and said, "No, I'm not lying. I don't stoop to falsehoods. I can afford to be myself and I don't like 'deceit. I don't like falsehoods, I don't like hypocrisy."

"All right," Mason said, "here's my idea. I want you to take a lie-detector test today, right now. I am going to let the newspapers know about the results of that lie-detector

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test. I want to establish that you did not know Vera Martel and that she was not blackmailing you."

For a moment Nancy Gilman's eyes seemed to waver.

"If," Mason said, "you are telling the truth, if you have a scorn for hypocrisy and of falsehood, you have absolutely nothing to fear. You can pass the lie-detector test with flying colors."

"But," she said, "suppose I'm nervous? Suppose the man who gives the lie-detector test doesn't appreciate the difference between nervousness and the reaction of one who is telling an untruth?"

"The man I have in mind," Mason

said, "is thoroughly competent. He's not going to be fooled by anything of that sort. He'll talk with you until he gets your normal level, your normal reactions, and then he'll ask you questions. If you're lying, don't take the test. Just leave the office quietly and I'll try to do the best I can for your husband. And if you're lying I'm afraid there's not much I can do."

"I'm not lying."

"Then if you could prove that you're not lying," Mason said, "it might help your husband—and your daughter."

"Where do I take this lie-detector test?" she asked.

Mason nodded to Della Street. "Take her down to Paul Drake's office, Della. Cartman Jasper is

there, Mrs. Gilman. You'll take the lie-detector test in a room where you won't be disturbed, where there are no distractions, where your reactions will be measured by a very delicate machine which registers your blood-pressure, your respiration, your electrical skin-resistance."

"What do all those things have to do with it?"

"If," Mason said, "you're a good reactor you can't tell a falsehood without having a change in blood-pressure, probably distinctive changes in the rate and type of respiration, and changes in the electrical resistance of your skin."

"If, as you say, you have scorned falsehoods, if you have never had experience in lying, you'll make a perfect subject, and Jasper will be able to give you a clean bill of health."

"If you can tell the newspaper reporters that you took a lie-detector test, if they can interview Cartman Jasper and find that you never knew Vera Martel, had no reason to fear her, and weren't planning to pay her any blackmail, it will be a tremendous moral advantage."

"Of course, we can't use the results of a lie-detector test in court, but the resulting public sentiment which naturally will come from such a test will greatly enhance the difficulties of a district attorney."

Nancy Gilman turned to Della Street. Her manner was that of royalty. "Please take me to where I am to go, Miss Street," she said. "I am ready."

Della Street said, "This way, please," and left the office.

Five minutes later Della Street was back.

"Everything all set?" Mason asked.

"Everything's all set," she said. "Paul Drake has her and Cartman Jasper in his interrogation room. There's one of those trick mirrors, and we can look through and see what's going on without being seen. The room is fixed so we can hear what's being said, and there's even a mirror in the ceiling so that you can watch the results of the needles on the polygraph machine as she answers questions."

Mason grinned. "Let's go."

"Do you know just what you hope to accomplish?" Della Street asked.

Mason shook his head. "I'm fighting for time, and I'm fighting a tough combination of seemingly insurmountable difficulties and overwhelming evidence. When a lawyer gets in that position the only thing for him to do is to take the initiative and keep moving. Let's go."

THEY walked down the corridor to Drake's office. Paul Drake was standing in a darkened room looking through a one-way mirror into a questioning room where Nancy Gilman was seated in front of a polygraph machine. A pressure cuff was around her arm, electrodes on her hand, and a coil placed around her chest so as to register the rhythm of her breathing.

Paul Drake said in a hoarse whisper, "He's made quite an impression on her already. He got her to select a number between one and ten and then not only told her what the number was but showed her her graph in order to show how her blood-pressure indicated the number when he came to it. I think he now has her in the right frame of mind to go ahead with the test."

Cartman Jasper adjusted the needles on the machine. They could hear his voice through the microphone-speaking device which relayed sounds from the other office.

"Now, Mrs. Gilman, I am going to ask you to answer all of the questions I ask, either yes or no. If it is necessary to make any explanation or to elaborate on your answer, wait until the test is completed. But just answer these questions as I ask them, yes or no. Do you understand?"

Nancy Gilman nodded.

"Please don't move in any way during the brief period in which I am giving you this test. Sit perfectly relaxed and avoid any muscular movement. Try to think only about the questions and the answers to the questions. Are you ready?"

"Yes."

"You are seated comfortably?"

"Yes."

Jasper, in a toneless voice, said, "Is your first name Nancy?"

"Yes."

There was an interval of some ten seconds, then Jasper gave the second question. "Are you the mother of a daughter named Glamis?"

"Yes."

"Do you smoke?"

"Yes."



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"Are you married to Carter Gilman?"
 "Yes."
 "Did you ever know a person named Vera M. Martel?"
 "No."
 "Did you have breakfast this morning?"
 "Yes."
 "Has anyone tried to blackmail you during the past three months?"
 "No."
 "Of your own knowledge, do you know who killed Vera M. Martel?"
 "No."
 "Are you interested in photography?"
 "Yes."
 "Do you know a person named Steven A. Barlow?"
 "Yes."

"Would you object if I should ask you an embarrassing personal question while the polygraph tested the truth of your answer?"
 There was a moment of silence, then she said, "Yes."

Cartman Jasper said, "Very well, Mrs. Gilman, we'll rest for a few moments and then I am going to repeat the same questions again in exactly the same order."

Mason, who had been looking at the mirror which showed the graph made by the three needles on the chart, said in a puzzled voice, "She's telling the truth."

"Unless she doesn't react," Della Street said.

"Of course she reacts," Mason said. "Look at the reaction that took place when Jasper asked her that last question. She's a good reactor but..."

"What is it?" Della Street asked.

"When they asked her about her daughter, Glamis," Mason said, "there was a distinct reaction. Of course, it may be just a matter of adjustment or something that caused an isolated reaction. However, you've got it in her pulse, her blood-pressure, her respiration, and her skin resistance. She's a very good reactor and something happened there... Let's see what happens again."

Once more Jasper went through the questions. Once more there was a very definite reaction when he questioned her about Glamis.

Mason turned to Della Street, said, "He'll run her through once more. We'd probably better go back to the office. She may want to come and see us when she's finished, and it wouldn't be advisable to have her know we were watching."

PAUL DRAKE followed them to the door. "Do you want to try to break her down, Perry? I think you're wasting time. I think she's telling the truth."

"There's something about Glamis that bothers her," Mason said thoughtfully.

"Why shouldn't there be? Glamis is an illegitimate child, and I suppose that beneath Nancy Gilman's somewhat casual exterior she keenly appreciates the position her indiscretion has put Glamis in."

Mason nodded. "That probably accounts for it," he said, "but there certainly was a very definite reaction there. We'll see what Cartman Jasper says. Tell him to come down to my office after he's finished, and unless Nancy Gilman wants to see me about something, let her go home. She was, I believe, in something of a hurry."

Mason and Della Street went back to their office. Twenty minutes later Cartman Jasper came in with the graphs of the examination folded in his hand.

"What do you think?" Mason asked.

Jasper said, "She's telling the truth all the way through, Mason, as far as the case is concerned. She never knew Vera Martel, she hasn't been blackmailed, but she's lying about Glamis Barlow."

"You mean Glamis Barlow isn't her daughter?" Mason asked.

"I don't know," Jasper said. "I'd have to make up a set of test questions about Glamis and ask her those in order to find out the truth. But there's something in connection with Glamis that causes her to have an emotional reaction."

"You knew that Glamis was illegitimate?" Mason asked.

"Paul Drake told me that, but I don't think that accounts for it, Mason. I think there's something else. There's some emotional disturbance there in connection with the statement that she had a daughter named Glamis Barlow."

Mason frowned thoughtfully. "Now, suppose Glamis isn't her daughter," he said.

"That could very well be," Jasper admitted.

"Gosh, what an opportunity for a blackmailer that would be!" Mason said.

Mason, pacing his office, said to Paul Drake, "Hang it, Paul, there's some-

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thing wrong with this whole case. Somebody drew ten thousand dollars out of a bank and got an even amount—ten thousand dollars. It was to be used to pay blackmail. Don't tell me anyone could do that without leaving a trace."

"They did it," Drake said, "and they didn't leave a trace. I've exhausted every lead I can think of."

Mason said, "I'm sitting on top of a volcano with ten thousand dollars in my safe. That ten thousand dollars is probably evidence. I'm going to have to do something about it. I don't want to betray a client, but I can't conceal evidence."

"I'm going to have to get in touch with the police and tell them that I found this money. If the police

find out I have the money before I reported it I would be in quite a fix. Every hour that I have that money, every minute that I have it without reporting it, I'm skating on thin ice."

"Well, why don't you report it, then?"

Mason shook his head. "I'm not going to sell a client down the river. Paul, I'm going to find out where that money came from before I make a move. Now, you've followed instructions and had your men working on Vera Martel's activities for the week preceding her death?"

Drake nodded, said, "I'm spending a lot of money having men try to un-

cover every bit of information they can about her. No one knows much. She was working on several cases. She was away from her office for two days, but that was nearly ten days before she was murdered."

"Where did she go?" Mason asked.

"Search me," Drake said. "We haven't been able to find out."

"Find out," Mason said. "There was an air-travel card and a couple of gasoline-credit cards in her purse. Get busy. Find out where the gasoline-credit card was used. Start right now and see what you can find out about that air-travel card."

"That was ten days before the thirteenth," Drake protested.

"I don't give a damn when it was," Mason said. "There's something miss-

ing in this case and I want to find it before the police do. You can imagine the spot I'll be in if the police find out about—"

The telephone rang.

Della Street picked it up, said, "Hello," then said, "Muriell on the phone, Mr. Mason. She's been crying, is pretty much upset."

Mason nodded, said, "Listen in, Della," and picked up the receiver.

Muriell's voice came over the wire. She was so emotionally upset that it was hard to understand her.

"Mr. Mason," she said, choking back sobs, "I've—I've been disloyal . . . I've—I've sold you down the river."

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Go on, Mason said. "Try and be brief as possible, Mu-riell. There may not be much time. What did you do?"

"The police gave me—I guess it was a third degree. They got me in the district attorney's office and they really dragged me over the coals and they threatened me and . . . well, I told them about everything."

"The money?" Mason asked.

"The money," she said.

"What did you tell them about it?"

"I told them everything I knew."

"About your father disappearing?"

"Yes."

"About the fact that you telephoned me?"

"Everything, Mr. Mason . . . Oh, I don't know what made me do it! It just seemed as though pressures were building up inside of me and they kept hammering away; hammering, hammering, hammering all the time."

"When did this happen?" Mason asked.

"Right after court adjourned. I was picked up and hurried

into this district attorney's office."

"Why didn't you refuse to go?"

"I didn't have an opportunity. A policewoman just took me on one side and an officer on the other and they said, 'Right this way. The D.A. wants to talk with you,' and there I was and . . . well, then they just seemed to know how to go about it, and I told them everything."

"Are you in any sort of custody?" Mason asked.

"No. They let me go but they served me with a subpoena. I'm going to have to be a witness tomorrow, Mr. Mason. I'm going to have to be a witness against Daddy! Oh, Mr. Mason, I just feel terrible. I don't know what to do."

"All right," Mason said, "you've gone this far. Now, don't get despondent, don't get the idea of jumping off the bridge or taking an overdose of sleeping pills. You've been served with a subpoena. You're going to have to be a witness. You can take it and I can take it. Now, quit worrying about

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it. Take a couple of aspirins and settle back and relax."

"But I've let you down terribly."

Mason said, "It's all right. I'll handle things."

Mason hung up the telephone, said to Paul Drake, "Well, that does it. I suppose that any minute now I'll be served with—"

He broke off as Lieut. Tragg, accompanied by a plainclothes man, pushed open the door from the outer office.

"Well, hello, folks," Tragg said. "Caught you in conference, eh?"

Mason said, "It would help a lot if you'd have yourself announced, Tragg."

Tragg smiled and shook his head. "I've told you a dozen times, Mason, the taxpayers don't like it."

"And what's the urgent business that brings you here?" Mason asked.

Tragg smiled. "Well, now, Perry," he said, "the district attorney wants you as a witness."

"Me as a witness?" Mason asked.

"That's right," Tragg said. "A subpoena duces tecum, Mr. Mason, ordering that you be in court tomorrow morning at ten o'clock, and that you bring with you the sum of ten thousand dollars in currency or any other currency or any other article which you picked up in the workshop of Carter Gilman at 6231 Vauxman Avenue on or about the thirteenth day of this month, or at any other time thereafter."

"I've warned you, Perry, that you shouldn't mix into things the way you do. Now, if you'd just spoken up and told the police about finding ten thousand dollars out there on the floor it might have simplified things a lot. But, no, you chose to keep your own counsel, and now I'm sorry, Mason, but you're going to be a witness for the prosecution, and I'm a little afraid Hamilton Burger is going to take a very dim view of suppressing evidence."

Lieut. Tragg turned to the plainclothes man and made a little gesture. "This is Perry Mason," he said. "I identify him."

The plainclothes officer stepped forward and said, "A subpoena duces tecum, Mr. Mason. Here's the original, here's your copy. Be in court tomorrow morning at ten o'clock. Have the articles mentioned in the subpoena with you."

"That'll be all," Lieut. Tragg said. "Be a little careful when it comes to cross-examining yourself, Mason. Don't be rough on yourself, because you're going to be one of Hamilton Burger's star witnesses. I can't begin to tell you how much Hamilton Burger is looking forward to this."

Mason took the subpoena. Lieut. Tragg walked to the exit door of the private office, held it open for the plainclothes man, started out, turned, and suddenly the smile left his face. "If I told you, I was sorry, Perry," he said, "I'd be giving aid and comfort to the enemy and might get a couple of demerits—so I won't tell

gave her. He has those numbers."

"Do the police know about it?" Mason asked.

"Not yet, but they will. The minute the newspapers blazon forth the fact that Hamilton Burger has called you as his star witness for the prosecution and that ten thousand dollars in cash figures in the deal, the banker will read the newspapers, come forward with the numbers on the bills, and you're sunk."

Mason started pacing the floor. After a few minutes, the phone rang again.

Della Street, answering it, again nodded to Paul.

"For you," Della Street said.

"Well, thank heavens," Drake said. "We've got all the bad news now, so this is bound to be something good."

He moved over to the instrument, said, "Hello . . . Yes . . . This is Paul . . . O.K., thanks."

his fingers drummed silently on the blotter.

"Can you salvage anything out of the situation?" Della Street asked.

"I can go down fighting," Mason said.

"How serious is it not reporting the finding of the ten thousand dollars?"

"I don't know," Mason said. "There aren't any precedents for it. I assumed the money belonged to my client—either Gilman or his wife; that it had been intended as a blackmail payment and that they could give me title to it."

"And as a blackmail payment it wouldn't have been evidence?"

"It might have been," Mason said, "but no one told me anything that indicated it was. Nobody would admit it. No one would admit getting that much money out of the bank. The reason for that is now apparent. They didn't."

"Then where did the money come from?" Della Street asked. "Why would Vera Martel leave her money there?"

"That," Mason said, "is what I'm trying to figure out. This is a new angle. The

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



"Well," Drake said, "you're going to have to prove that he owned the money. He—"

The telephone rang.

Della Street picked it up, said, "Yes . . . Yes . . . It's for you, Paul."

Drake came over and took the instrument, said, "Hello . . . Yes . . . What! . . . Good heavens!"

Della Street, listening to the detective's voice, moved a chair up for him and Drake dropped into it as though his knees had buckled.

"You're sure?" Drake asked.

"Now, wait a minute. There can't be any . . . Well, that does it . . . All right. Now, look, there was an air-travel card in Vera Martel's purse. There was also a couple of credit cards for gasoline. Find out where those cards were last used. Get busy. I want a report on that right now . . . All right, I'll be here for a while. Call me back."

Drake said, "Perry, I hate to be the one that breaks it to you, but this is it."

"What is it, Paul?"

"That money!" Drake said. "My operatives, checking around in Las Vegas trying to find everything that Vera Martel had been doing during the last ten days of her life, found that on the third of the month she went to the bank and drew ten thousand dollars in cash."

Mason stood motionless, his face granite hard.

"All right," he said at length, "they can't prove it's the same money."

"That's just it; they can," Drake said. "The banker wondered why she wanted that money in hundred-dollar bills and thought perhaps it was the payment of ransom in a kidnapping. He didn't dare delay things long enough to tip her off, but he told her he had to go back to the vault to get enough hundreds. He was only gone half a minute, but during that time he managed to take the numbers of six of the one-hundred-dollar bills that he

He hung up and said, "I was wrong, Perry."

"What is it this time?" Mason asked.

"Hartley Elliott," Paul Drake said. "They really gave him the works, Perry. They didn't put him in any nice separate cell where he would be treated like a gentleman. They didn't give him an opportunity for any special treatment. They put him with a bunch of drunks. By the time he'd been there an hour or so he'd had all the gaol he wanted. He sent word to the district attorney that he wanted to get out, that he'd go on the stand and testify tomorrow."

Mason said, "They couldn't do that to a man in only on contempt."

"They did it," Paul said "and it worked. The D.A. got him out, and he's in the D.A.'s office now making an affidavit."

Mason might not have heard the detective. He turned and resumed his pacing of the office floor.

Della Street watched him apprehensively, her eyes following him, sick with concern.

Drake, standing uncomfortably, finally said, "Well, I guess I'm not doing any good here. I'll get out before someone else brings in some bad news."

Mason gave no sign that he had heard, nor did he say anything as Drake said lamely, "Well, so long. I'll see you folks later," and left the office.

The lawyer continued pacing the floor, back and forth, back and forth, his head bowed slightly in thought, his eyes level-lidded with concentration.

Della Street, knowing the lawyer's moods, sat quietly, watching him with eyes that showed the depths of her concern and sympathy.

Twenty minutes later, Mason finished pacing the floor, moved over to sit down at the office desk. The tips of

blackmailer comes to pay money to the person who is being blackmailed. Now, figure that one out."

The telephone rang again. Della Street picked up the receiver, said, "Paul Drake," and Mason, picking up his own phone, said, "Yes, Paul, what is it this time?"

"I don't know," Drake said. "All I know is that we checked on the air-travel card of Vera Martel. She took a plane to Redding, California, on the fourth. She was gone two days."

"Got a correspondent in Redding you can trust?" Mason asked.

"I have a good man there. He's an ex-cop, private operator and—"

"All right, get him," Mason said. "In a town the size of

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Redding, Vera Martel would stand out like a sore thumb. She got off the plane. She didn't have a car. Either someone met her or she went to a hotel or a motel. Find out. Call me back.

"Tell your man he's got two hours. We want the information by that time. Della Street and I are going out to dinner. You stay on the job. Get your man up in Redding working and get him working fast."

Mason hung up the phone and looked thoughtfully at Della Street. "Now, why would Vera Martel go to Redding on the fourth of the month and stay for two days?"

Della Street shook her head. "It's all part of a puzzle—are you sure the solution lies with Vera Martel?"

"I can't find a key to it anywhere else," Mason said. "There's no place else to turn and . . ."

"And?" Della Street asked, as the lawyer's voice trailed off into silence.

"And," Mason said, "we're desperate." "Feel you can eat?" Della Street asked.

Mason's grin was slightly forced. "I don't know," he said, "but I think I can. It isn't eating, it's taking on fuel, because we're going to be in a dog fight tomorrow. I guess Hamilton Burger's enjoying his dinner enough tonight for both of us. Let's go."

The lawyer and his secretary closed the door of the private office. Della Street slipped her hand into his and squeezed it, by the pressure giving him wordless assurance of her loyalty and sympathy.

The lawyer patted her shoulder and said, "It's all right, Della, I've dished it out and I guess I can take it if I have to."

"It seems so terribly one-sided," Della Street complained.

"I know," Mason said. "Usually, when things turn against you, they go all the way. Come on, let's eat."

They sought out the dim light of their favorite cocktail bar, had a cocktail, then moved into the restaurant and ordered dinner.

MASON ate slowly, methodically, and in silence. Della Street, after the second bite, found that she couldn't touch the food and pushed her plate away.

There was no conversation. Della Street toyed with a water glass while Mason completed the task of eating.

When Mason had finished, Della Street walked over to the phone booth, called Drake's office.

Paul Drake's voice, seeming somewhat puzzled, said, "I'm striking some sort of pay dirt, Della, but I don't know what it is. Can Perry come to the phone?"

"I'll get him," Della Street said.

She returned to Mason's table and said, "Paul Drake is waiting on the telephone. He's got something but he can't evaluate it."

Mason nodded, pushed back his chair, walked wordlessly to the telephone booth, closed the door, and said, "Hello, Paul. What is it?"

"My man in Redding," Drake said. "He's a good man. He called in about ten minutes ago with a complete report. I have him waiting at the telephone."

"All right. What's the report?" Mason asked.

"Vera Martel arrived by plane. She was met by Maureen Monroe. Maureen was waiting for her at the airport in a classy car and Vera Martel stepped into the car and went out to the Monroe home."

"All right," Mason said. "What about Maureen Monroe? Who is she?"

"Apparently she's quite the upper crust in Redding. Her father owns a few thousand acres of timberland, a couple of sawmills. She's the town's most attractive dish."

"All right. What did Vera do?"

"She went out to the Monroe residence. She was out there for a couple of hours, then Maureen drove her back to the hotel. Vera Martel got a room and took the first southbound plane."

"Where to?"

"Back to Los Angeles."

"Then what? Did she call on anyone we know?"

"I haven't found out what she did there," Drake said, "but her air-travel card shows she took a plane to Las Vegas the next day."

"Can your man find out anything about what happened up there?"

"No. Maureen Monroe is in San Francisco or Los Angeles. Her father is somewhere in Oregon."

Mason thought for a moment, then said, "Give me the number of the telephone where this guy is waiting in Redding, Paul. What's his name?"

Continuing . . . THE CASE OF THE DUPLICATE DAUGHTER

from page 56

"Alan Hancock. I told him to wait at a telephone. I can call him and have him call you there at the booth. It may be easier than for you to try to put through a long-distance call."

"O.K.," Mason said. "I'll wait here. Tell him to call me at the restaurant."

Mason returned to the table.

"What was it?" Della Street asked.

Mason told her.

"But, Chief," Della Street said, "that was . . . gosh, that was more than a week before the murder. More than that. It couldn't have had anything to do with the murder."

"How do we know?" Mason asked.

"Well . . . we don't," Della Street said.

"When you start putting a jigsaw puzzle together," Mason said, "you have to consider the sequence of events. The sequence may be equally as significant as the events themselves."

"I don't understand," Della Street said. "What sequence . . .?"

A waiter approached the table and said, "There's a long-distance call for you, Mr. Mason, from Redding. A gentleman named Hancock says you're expecting a call. Do you wish to take it?"

Mason nodded. "Bring a telephone," he said. "I'll take it here at the table."

The waiter brought a phone, plugged in the jack and handed the instrument to Mason.

Mason said, "Hello, this is Perry Mason . . . Yes, I'm expecting the call. Put him on."

A moment later, a man's voice said, "Mr. Mason, this is Mr. Drake's correspondent in Redding, Alan Hancock. He said you wanted to talk with me."

"That's right," Mason said. "What about this Monroe family? What can you tell me about them?"

"Mr. Monroe is the town's leading citizen."

"How old?" Mason asked.

"Oh, about fifty-two or fifty-three. I would judge. He's made a fortune in lumber."

"His wife?"

"She died a couple of years ago."

"Now, when Vera Martel came up to Redding," Mason said, "she had business with Mr. Monroe. Monroe sent his daughter down to pick Vera up. Now, do you have any inkling as to what the business could have been?"

"No, sir, I don't. I do know that Mr. Monroe must have been expecting this Martel woman. He made the drive down from Dunsmuir, went directly to his house, stayed there until after Miss Martel had departed and then had his daughter take Miss Martel to the hotel. Mr. Monroe left the next morning."

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Continuing . . . THE CASE OF THE DUPLICATE DAUGHTER

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"What are his initials?" Mason asked.
"G. W.," Hancock said. "Stands for George Washington."
"What about the daughter? How old?"
"Right around twenty."
"Good-looking?"
"Beautiful."
"Ever been in any trouble?"
"Not that anyone knows about. She's a wonderful girl. She's engaged to be married."
"Oh-oh," Mason said.
"When's the wedding?"
"Next month."
"What's the man's name?"
"Harvey C. Kimberly."
"What do you know about him?"

HANCOCK replied. "Nothing. He's in New York, I believe. He's from Phoenix, Arizona. His family is very wealthy. There's quite a background of yachts and all that. But I guess the young fellow is all right. He's a bit older than she is—twenty-five, I believe."

Mason said, "All right. Dig up everything you can find in the line of newspaper publicity. There must have been quite a bit of it."

"Heavens, yes, there was lots of publicity."

"Photographs of the fiance and fiancee and the family?"

"That's right."

"You can put your hand on pictures of G. W. Monroe?"

"Oh, yes."

"How long will it take?"

"Not very long."

"When can you get a plane out of there?"

"Well, let's see. Tomorrow morning."

"Forget it," Mason said. "Round up all the pictures you can get. Get all of the newspaper stories. Find out everything you can, and then charter a plane about two or three o'clock in the morning that will get you down to

Sacramento so you can pick up the first airliner from Sacramento in here. If you can't pick up a regular airliner, charter planes to get here.

"I want you to meet me here in court at ten o'clock in the morning. Drake will give you detailed instructions. Don't leave Redding until the last minute. Put in all the time you

FROM THE BIBLE

—Two versions
● "But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."

—Matthew 6:20.

(Authorized version)

● "Store up treasure in heaven, where there is no moth and no rust to spoil it, no thieves to break in and steal."

—Matthew 6:20.

(New English Bible)

can scouting around up there and getting every bit of information and gossip you can pick up. I'll be seeing you at ten o'clock."

The lawyer hung up the telephone, turned to regard Della Street with thoughtful but unseeing eyes.

After a moment she shifted her position and said, "Well?"

Suddenly Mason grinned.

"Get Paul Drake on the phone," he said. "There's a

rich young man, Harvey C. Kimberly, from Phoenix, Arizona; a background of wealth, yachts, polo ponies, and what-not, but with it all he's supposed to be a good Joe who is probably trying to fit himself to carry on in the footsteps of an illustrious father and manage a family business which probably runs into the millions.

"Tell Paul I want everything we can get on Harvey C. Kimberly and I want it by ten o'clock tomorrow morning. I want —"

Suddenly Mason ceased speaking. His eyes again showed the extent of his concentration.

After a few moments Della Street asked, "Anything else?"

Mason shook his head and said, "I'm toying with an idea, Della. It's the damndest idea anyone ever had, but it accounts for the ten thousand dollars."

Word had been flashed around the courthouse and the courtroom was jammed as Judge Alvord took the bench.

"We'll resume the hearing of the Case of the People versus Gilman," he said.

"I may state to counsel that I am advised that the witness, Hartley Elliott, wishes to purge himself of contempt and is now willing to come forward."

"The Court will, therefore, direct that proceedings be interrupted for Mr. Elliott to again take the stand and he will then be given an opportunity to purge himself of the contempt."

Elliott emerged from the witness room.

Mason turned to Paul Drake. "Where the devil is Hancock?"

"The plane was late getting in," Drake said. "There's fog over the airport and they're having trouble with landings."

"Hang it!" Mason said. "He

should have chartered a private plane and —"

"He'd have been in worse trouble on a private plane," Drake said. "The field is pretty well socked in. But they're bringing the planes in. Hancock was due in at eight-thirty this morning. He probably has landed and is on his way to the courthouse now."

"Find out," Mason said. "Get someone to call the airport. See what's happened to his flight. I may have to ask for a continuance."

Harvey Elliott seated himself on the witness stand.

"Young man," Judge Alvord said, "I understand that you have decided to subject yourself to the orders of the Court in order to purge yourself of contempt."

"Yes, Your Honor."

"Very well," Judge Alvord said, "the district attorney will resume questioning this witness. If the witness answers all questions fairly and willingly the witness will be deemed to have purged himself of the contempt and the sentence will be revoked. Proceed, Mr. District Attorney."

Hamilton Burger, his face indicating triumphant pleasure, said, "Mr. Elliott, I am going to ask you when you first saw Glamis Barlow on the morning of the thirteenth. Understand now, I am asking you when you first saw her."

"I didn't leave her until after midnight," Elliott said.

"Very well. I will amend the question. After you had retired on the morning of the thirteenth, when was the next time you saw Glamis Barlow?"

"It was at eight twenty-five."

"You're certain of the time?"

"Yes, sir."

"And where were you at that time?"

"I was standing at the window of the bedroom I occupied in the Gilman house at 6231 Vauxman Avenue."

"And you saw Miss Barlow?"

"Yes."

"Where was she when you saw her?"

"She was emerging from the door of the workshop."

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Continuing . . . THE CASE OF THE DUPLICATE DAUGHTER

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"Now, so there can be no misunderstanding as to what you mean by workshop, I am asking you to advance to the blackboard and point out the spot you mean on the diagram."

The witness did so.
Hamilton Burger said, "For the sake of the record, let it be shown that the witness has pointed to the rectangle marked 'Workshop' on the diagram, People's Exhibit B. That is correct, is it, Mr. Elliott?"

"Yes, sir."
"Now then, what did you see her do?"

Elliott hesitated perceptibly, then said, "She emerged from the door. She looked to right and left, then pulled the door shut, started walking, and then ran around the house."

"Around the house? What do you mean?"

"She went in a southerly direction and I lost sight of her as she turned the corner."

HAMILTON BURGER asked, "When did you next see her?"

"About ten minutes later."
"And where did you see her?"

"I heard her voice in the corridor. I opened my bedroom door a crack and I saw her standing there garbed in an exceedingly revealing night garment. She was two-thirds facing me and talking with Muriel. I felt that it would be embarrassing . . ."

"Never mind what you felt," Hamilton Burger said. "What did you see? What did she do?"

"I gently closed the door so that I would make no noise and so neither of the young women would know that I had seen them."

"Could you hear any of the conversation?"
"I heard Muriel say that she had been looking for her father and Glamis said sarcastically, 'In the attic,' or words to that effect."

"Cross-examine," Hamilton Burger said.

Then, before Mason could get to his feet, Hamilton Burger addressed the Court and said, "If the Court please, my next witness is going to be Mr.

Perry Mason. Mr. Mason has been served with a subpoena duces tecum to bring certain articles of evidence into court that were surreptitiously and wrongfully removed from the premises at 6231 Vauxman Avenue.

"I am fully aware that it is unusual to subpoena a defence attorney, but the fact remains that where the defence attorney has certain knowledge of facts proving the commission of a crime, the defence attorney is a proper witness."

"I feel, however, that so

"That's not true," Hamilton Burger shouted. "I simply want to know whether I can proceed with my case without . . ."

"That will do, gentlemen, that will do," Judge Alvord interrupted. "The Court is inclined to feel that Mr. Mason is entitled at this time to cross-examine this witness. If the prosecutor had addressed the Court at the time the case was first called and asked for assurance as to whether counsel had obeyed a subpoena duces tecum, the Court might have considered the matter."

"But at this time the Court feels that the inquiry can well



there can be no delay or misunderstanding, I am entitled to know at this time and before Mr. Mason cross-examines this witness whether he has brought into court the articles referred to in a subpoena duces tecum which was served upon him yesterday."

Judge Alvord's face showed some concern. "You are planning to call the defendant's attorney as a witness against the defendant himself?"

"Yes, Your Honor."
"Do you have anything to say, Mr. Mason?"

"Yes, Your Honor," Mason said. "I am entitled to have this case proceed in an orderly manner. I am entitled to cross-examine this witness. When the prosecutor puts me on the stand, if he chooses to do so, I will answer his questions at that time. I have never defied the process of this court or any other court, and there is no occasion for the district attorney to play to the galleries by making an announcement at this time, the effect of which primarily is to alert the Press."

be suspended until after Mr. Mason's cross-examination of the witness, or perhaps until Mr. Mason has been called as a witness."

"Thank you, Your Honor," Mason said, and turned to look at Paul Drake.

Drake shook his head. Mason approached the witness. "You have known Glamis Barlow for how long, Mr. Elliott?"

"Some two months."

"What is your occupation?"
"I am a manufacturers' agent."

"You represent several different manufacturers of merchandise?"

"Yes."
"Within what territory do you operate?"

"The State of California."

"You have the entire State of California for all of the manufacturers whom you represent?"

"For most of them. For one of them I have only Southern California. I may state that I also have a couple of manufacturers who have given me the States of Washington, Ore-

gon, and Nevada as well as California."

"I see," Mason said. "Do you have any manufacturers who have included the State of Arizona in your territory?"

"No, sir."

"Did you have?"

"Yes, I have had. I gave those contracts up because it was unprofitable to work an extra State where I didn't have enough contracts to make it economically profitable."

"You move around the State quite a bit, then?"

"Yes."

"And up into Oregon and Washington?"

"Yes."

"If the Court please," Hamilton Burger objected, "I fail to see the object of this cross-examination. It appears to me that counsel is simply stalling for time, trying to put off—"

"That will do, Mr. District

Attorney," Judge Alvord ruled. "In view of the very important testimony this witness has given on his direct examination, the Court is certainly going to permit defence counsel to have the widest latitude in the matter of cross-examination. I think these questions go to the background of the witness and I assume they will soon be directed as to the number of times the witness has seen Miss Barlow and for the purpose of determining whether there could have been any mistake."

Hamilton Burger smiled smugly. "Just let counsel ask this witness how many times he has seen Glamis Barlow and how well he knows her and the prosecution will have no objection — no objection whatever."

"I think that comment is uncalled for," Judge Alvord said. "The matter before the Court is an objection on your part and the objection is overruled. Proceed, Mr. Mason."

Mason said, "Where is your residence, Mr. Elliott? Where do you do your voting?"

"In Redding."

"In Redding?" Mason said. "Yes, I have my office there. Much of my business is done by mail and I got started in the business in Redding. I am thinking of opening a Los Angeles office and—"

"Never mind what you are thinking," Hamilton Burger cautioned the witness. "Just answer Mr. Mason's questions and . . . I beg the Court's pardon. I will ask the Court to admonish the witness just to answer questions and not to volunteer information."

"Very well," Judge Alvord said. "I think the witness understands. Go on with your cross-examination, Mr. Mason."

Mason glanced at his watch, then back towards counsel table. Della Street was making frantic signals to him.

"May I have just a moment, if the Court please," Mason said.

"Very well, Mr. Mason. Please be brief, however."

Mason approached Della Street.

"Paul Drake gave me these," Della Street whispered. "Alan Hancock is now in the courtroom. He just arrived."

Della Street thrust some voluminous newspaper clippings and photographs into Mason's hands and whispered to him, her voice almost hysterical with

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AS I READ the STARS By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning July 17



ARIES

The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Lucky color for love, grey.
★ Gambling colors, grey, yellow.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.
★ Luck close at hand.

★ While hunting for that pot of gold at the end of the rainbow you may be missing many joys right beside you. There is happiness in winning the applause of family and friends, even if you never find a bigger audience. Don't pass over the chance to form a new link with a pleasant neighbor because you are trying to enter more social circles.



TAURUS

The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Lucky color for love, pastel.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.
★ Luck in the spoken word.

★ For a few, an offer of marriage. For many more, the solution of a problem which has been harrying you for some time. Some of you find inspiration in a new enterprise which launches a new enterprise. These influences might take the form of a showdown in which misunderstandings are cleared up, and you make a loyal friend for life.



GEMINI

The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Lucky color for love, violet.
★ Gambling colors, brown, green.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.
★ Luck in an agreement.

★ You may sign on the dotted line. The contract could relate to a major investment or adding an amenity to your present life. For a few, this might mean signing the marriage register or the purchase of a home. Whatever form it takes, it brings happiness. Money to carry out your plans should be assured, and ways will be found to gratify your hopes.



CANCER

The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Lucky color for love, rose.
★ Gambling colors, rose, black.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.
★ Luck within yourself.

★ You might be called on to stand up for your principles or take unpopular action, but you'll be at peace with yourself, satisfied you have done the right thing. A certain amount of courage could win approval from your beloved; he will learn the lesson that you are an individual in your own right. You are likely to surprise those around you.



LEO

The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 22
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Lucky color for love, white.
★ Gambling colors, violet, grey.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.
★ Luck in pulling strings.

★ You'll manage people and situations best by an indirect approach. Study those with whom you have to deal. Avoid attempts to lay down the law, but choose methods apt to persuade others to your point of view. Outspoken criticism will meet with defeat. It is necessary to promise where no important principle is involved.



VIRGO

The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 22
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Lucky color for love, orange.
★ Gambling colors, orange, brown.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.
★ Luck through youth.

★ If young, there is likely to be informal entertainment for your contemporaries, or parents may give a party for you. Some of you go on a weekend house party which brings enjoyable experiences. If older, contact with young people is likely to renew your youth and give you a more dynamic outlook. Outdoor activities are under good aspects.



LIBRA

The Balance

SEPTEMBER 23-OCTOBER 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Lucky color for love, white.
★ Gambling colors, white, black.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Friday.
★ Luck abroad rather than home.

★ Get out and be among those present. Accept invitations even if you are not keen, forget domestic problems and live actively in the community. Contacts with people will take you into a world of new ideas. You need to get away from too close a focus on yourself and to see life from different angles. In this way a new person looms on your horizon.



SCORPIO

The Scorpion

OCTOBER 23-NOVEMBER 22
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Lucky color for love, red.
★ Gambling colors, red, grey.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
★ Luck in a schedule.

★ If you've been drifting along, with too little time to spare for what you really like doing, it's the moment to get down to brass tacks. Be a clock-watcher; allow a reasonable period for the task in hand, but no more. Don't day-dream; you are robbing yourself of leisure which gives scope for your creative ability. Keep appointments on the dot.



SAGITTARIUS

The Archer

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 22
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Lucky color for love, black.
★ Gambling colors, black, red.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
★ Luck in independence.

★ That invitation may be cancelled at the last moment, or a promise may not be carried out, but don't let it sadden you. Discover alternative ways of having fun. Should that object of your dreams break a date, remember there are just as good fish in the sea. If you have met the one and only, ask him home to dinner so you can return hospitality.



CAPRICORN

The Goat

DECEMBER 23-JANUARY 19
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Lucky color for love, mauve.
★ Gambling colors, mauve, green.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Thursday.
★ Luck in following others.

★ When tempted to cut short a long speech, make a suggestion which you know will be unacceptable, wait patiently while others work out their ideas. After those have been tried will be the moment to offer more practical courses of action. If you assume responsibility you gain scant thanks. Be a good follower and realise that silence is golden.



AQUARIUS

The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Lucky color for love, navy-blue.
★ Gambling colors, navy, gold.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday.
★ Luck in a new deal.

★ Scrutinise yourself in the mirror and decide if you are making the most of your assets. Are you playing up your good points? The right accent can make a big difference. How long is it since you changed your hairdo? Your personality should be individual and attractive to friends and strangers; you can give yourself a break.



PISCES

The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Lucky color for love, light blue.
★ Gambling colors, light blue, black.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Friday.
★ Luck in a romantic adventure.

★ Some of you go to a party, meet a fascinating stranger, others see again a former beloved. A small mishap on a short journey could put you in the arms of an acquaintance. On an outing you might be separated from the rest with the partner you find most attractive. If older, a disappointment might draw you closer to your life-mate.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Eatables become lists (11).
9. This may lead to an open-air life (7).
10. Add nail to one of them and you do it with all your power (5).
11. On the head of a French soldier (4).
12. Rose's ant (Anagr., 8).
14. Sew up (6).
15. Messenger of the Gods (6).
18. They may instruct or reprimand (8).
20. Impel in a troubadour genealogy (4).
22. Have a reciprocal effect concerning the part of a play (5).
23. Town on the river Volga (7).
24. We rasp heels (Anagr., 5, 6).



Solution of last week's crossword.

DOWN

2. Sea creature with eight suckered arms (7).
3. Sore God of love (4).
4. Beat with rashers (6).
5. Pestered with one and also the other broken reed (8).
6. Anything that happens with a well-balanced tea (5).
7. Their trade is definitely voluminous (11).
8. The best place to search for the missing link (5, 6).
13. Post supporting a handrail with a blue star (8).
16. Lima rat (Anagr., 7).
17. Children's game, the first half can discern, the second half can cut (3-3).
19. Involuntary contraction of muscles (5).
21. At liberty (4).

Solution will be published next week.

Continuing . . . THE CASE OF THE DUPLICATE DAUGHTER

excitement, "Take a look at Maureen Monroe's picture."

Mason looked at the photograph on top of the pile of papers, then, suddenly turning the photograph face down, approached the witness stand. For a moment he stood there contemplating the witness, his manner that of a man who is concentrating his every faculty.

"Please continue, Mr. Mason," Judge Alvord said.

Mason said, "Yes, Your Honor," then turned his piercing eyes on the witness. "So you live in Redding, Mr. Elliott?"

"Yes, sir."
"And the reason you opened your office in Redding was because you were living there at the time you

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went into the manufacturers' agency business?"
"Yes, sir," answered Elliott, frowning.

"Just how did you get into the manufacturers' agency business, Mr. Elliott?"

"Oh, if the Court please, this certainly isn't legitimate cross-examination," Hamilton Burger said.

"I'm going to permit one or two more questions along these lines," Judge Alvord said. "I think the defence counsel is, under the circumstances, entitled to get a foundation here."

"Answer the question," Mason said.

"Well, I returned from service in

the Army and was sort of at loose ends. I was living there in Redding and I — I noticed an ad by a manufacturer that wanted salesmen. I answered the ad and then I answered several more and started out in a small way selling merchandise just in Shasta County, and then I gradually branched out. I made good on the contracts and the manufacturers gave me more territory and I expanded my business."

"I see," Mason said. "Now, you had been in Redding before you went to the Army and that is the reason you returned there?"

"Yes."

"What education have you had, Mr. Elliott?"

"I graduated from high school and had three years of college—"

"What high school?"

"Redding High School."

"While you were living in Redding," Mason asked, "did you know a family by the name of Monroe?"

There was a long period of silence.

"Can't you answer that question?"

Mason asked.

"Are you referring to G. W. Monroe, the big lumber man?"

"Yes."

"I knew him. Yes, I . . . yes, I knew him."

"And," Mason said, "did you know his daughter, Maureen Monroe?"

"Yes, I knew her."

Mason said, "Now, Mr. Elliott, you have testified that on the morning of the thirteenth you saw Glamis Barlow running through the workshop. I am going to show you this photo-

graph and ask you if this isn't the person you saw running from the workshop."

"Just a moment, just a moment," Hamilton Burger said. "I want to see that photograph before it is shown to the witness."

The District Attorney came bustling forward.

"Take a look," Mason said, handing him the photograph.

Hamilton Burger looked at the photograph, then smiled.

"No objection, Your Honor. No objection whatever."

Mason pushed the photograph in front of the witness. "Just answer the question," he said. "Isn't this a photograph of the person you saw running from the workshop? Didn't you see Maureen Monroe rather than Glamis Barlow?"

Had Mason hit the witness in the face with the photograph he could not have caused more consternation.

Hamilton Burger, watching the sagging jaw of the witness, jumped up, protesting and waving his hand as though to attract attention, but actually trying to reassure the witness. "Your Honor, Your Honor," he said, "the question is improper. The photograph is quite plainly that of Glamis Barlow and—"

"I suggest the District Attorney be sworn," Mason said, "or perhaps he should look more closely. The caption which has been folded under the photograph states very plainly that it is a picture of Maureen Monroe, daughter of G. W. Monroe, whose engagement has just been announced to a wealthy young businessman of Arizona and New York."

Judge Alvord said, "Let me see that photograph, please."

Hamilton Burger came pushing toward the bench. "I think, Your Honor, there has been some trickery here, that this is another of Mr. Mason's attempts—"

"Let me see the photograph," Judge Alvord interrupted.

Mason handed up the photograph.

Judge Alvord studied the photograph, then turned down the sheet of flimsy which had been pasted on the photograph and folded under. He read the type-written caption, then, without a word, handed the photograph back to Perry Mason and turned to the witness.

MASON said, "Answer the question, and remember you're under oath. Was it Glamis Barlow or was it Maureen Monroe who ran out of that room?"

"Objection, Your Honor!" Hamilton Burger shouted. "We don't know that this photograph is properly authenticated. I object to the question on the ground that it is argumentative, that it calls for a conclusion of the witness, that it is not proper cross-examination, that no foundation has been laid."

"Overruled," Judge Alvord snapped.

"The witness will answer the question."

"I — I — I don't know. Looking down from the window . . . now that I think of it . . . there is a very remarkable resemblance."

"I see," Mason said. "So now you are not prepared to swear that it was Glamis Barlow you saw running out of that workshop?"

"No, sir."

"You wish to change your testimony to state that you are not sure that it was Glamis Barlow you saw?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, then," Mason said, "how long have you known Vera M. Martel?"

The witness began to fidget in the chair.

"You're under oath," Mason said.

"How long have you known her?"

"Objected to as not proper cross-examination," Hamilton Burger said.

"Overruled," Judge Alvord snapped.

"I — I first met her about a month ago."

"Where?"

"In Las Vegas, Nevada."

"And how did you meet her?"

"I was introduced to her by a friend who told me that she was a very resourceful, daring private investigator."

"Now, then," Mason said, levelling his finger at the witness. "Did you or did you not enter into any business transaction with Vera Martel?"

The witness suddenly straightened. "I refuse to answer," he said.

Judge Alvord leaned forward ominously. "Upon what ground?"

The witness looked up defiantly. "Upon the ground," he said, "that the answer would tend to incriminate me."

To page 61

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.



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Continuing . . . THE CASE OF THE DUPLICATE DAUGHTER

from page 60

Mason calmly walked back to the defence counsel table and sat down. "No further questions, Your Honor."

Hamilton Burger was on his feet. "Your Honor, this — this comes as a most complete surprise. A situation has developed here which certainly should be investigated. I want to find out more about that picture. I want to authenticate that picture."

"I feel that counsel has been guilty of a substitution here, that this picture of Glamis Barlow has received a wrong caption and has been used deliberately to confuse this witness. I would like to ask for a continuance until I can verify this picture and ascertain what has happened."

"I have no objection to a continuance," Mason said. "The defence would like very much to have the District Attorney verify the photograph, and I feel that the District Attorney should pursue further the question of why this witness refuses to answer questions about his business deal with Vera Martel."

Judge Alvord said, "Mr. Mason, I am going to ask you if, to your knowledge, there has been any substitution of photographs or captions in this case." "No, Your Honor. I have just received this photograph from a detective who arrived in this court just a few minutes ago in response to a telephone conversation with him I had last night in which I asked him to bring down photographs of Maureen Monroe."

In the silence that followed there was the sound of a woman sobbing.

turned out to be her death trap. Hartley Elliott thought they were either going to blackmail Nancy or sell information to Roger Calhoun.

"But Vera learned that John Hassell had left a sizable bequest in his will to whatever offspring Nancy might have during the six-month period following her affair with him. She learned that Nancy had very quietly convinced the Hassell heirs that Glamis was really the daughter of Hassell and had received a settlement. This is a tricky legal point. She didn't receive the inheritance; she received a settlement from the heirs."

"Also bear in mind that Maureen had never been formally adopted. The Monroes had simply palmed her off as their natural daughter."

"So Vera Martel began to wonder why it wouldn't be better to tell her accomplice she was working only on the blackmail angle but cut herself in on the real gravy by telling Maureen she thought there was some property Maureen didn't know about which Vera could recover. And so she paid Maureen ten thousand dollars for a half interest in all of this property."

"Maureen accepted the offer. Actually, her father, G. W. Monroe, didn't know anything

about the transaction. He had come to Redding that night for an entirely different purpose."

"It wasn't until several days had passed that he learned what had happened from Maureen; then he told Maureen she was adopted."

"Suddenly Maureen found herself in an impossible situation. She was a founding child who had been informally adopted into a wealthy family, but she was undoubtedly illegitimate. She knew that the Kimmerleys would never consent to their socially prominent son marrying an illegitimate child, so Maureen started frantically hunting for Vera Martel."

"In order to find out just what Vera had in mind, Maureen trailed her. She trailed her to the Gilman residence where Vera had gone to have a showdown with Glamis. Glamis didn't know anything at all about what was happening, but Carter Gilman did know that Vera, a private detective, had been making inquiries about his wife and had been quietly trying to find out something about her background. So Gilman decided to consult you and telephoned for an appointment."

"Maureen followed Vera to the Gilman residence; Vera hurried back to the garage, walked through the darkroom

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Continuing . . . THE CASE OF THE DUPLICATE DAUGHTER

and into the workshop, where she was to meet her accomplice and arrange to bring Glamis and Nancy in for a showdown.

"Maureen followed Vera right into the room, accused Vera of being a crook, threw the ten thousand dollars in her face, then ran out of the workshop and around the house, jumped in her car, and drove away.

"Later on she got a passkey somehow, went to Vera's Las Vegas office, let herself in, and wrecked the place looking for the documentary evidence Vera had. She finally found it and then went to the casino and gambled for a while before she took a plane back to Redding.

"Hartley Elliott was meeting Vera in the garage. The run-down battery

from page 61

was all part of the plan. He gave her the result of what information he had been able to acquire and was to give her more last-minute instructions. When he heard Maureen coming he hid in the shadows of the darkroom. After Maureen had left, Hartley, of course, realised that Vera had sold him out. Regardless of the fact Maureen had tried to return the ten thousand, Vera Martel had her signature on a document of assignment.

"Elliott became enraged at the double-cross and started choking Vera. He says in his confession he never intended to kill her but only to discipline her and make her afraid of him, and

that probably is true. However, he did choke her to death. When he saw she was dead he crammed her body into the trunk of Gilman's automobile.

"Then he saw Gilman coming out of the house, so Elliott slipped into the darkroom and hid. Then, when Gilman passed through the darkroom and entered the workshop, Elliott dashed out of the darkroom, down the driveway, back in the front door, and up to his room. Naturally, he had no opportunity to pick up the money that had been flung all over the floor of the workshop."

Della Street said, "So Gilman must have seen Vera Martel as she entered the garage."

"That's right," Drake said. "He was eating breakfast and reading the

paper. He looked up just as Vera Martel went into the darkroom. That bothered him. Then, later on, he saw Maureen running out of the workshop and, of course, he thought it was Glamis.

"Gilman wanted to go out and investigate, but he had to get rid of Muriel, so he asked her to cook some food which he didn't really want. Muriel, however, knowing he had eaten enough, stalled around, hoping he would countermand the order.

"Gilman finally got out to the workshop, found the money all over the floor and signs of a struggle. He jumped in his car, drove around looking for Vera. He found where her car was parked, but he couldn't find her. It never occurred to him

that her body was actually in the trunk of his car. When he couldn't find Vera he drove his car to the place where he usually caught the bus, parked it, and took the bus to town.

"Hartley Elliott had Vera's car keys and her purse. He first wanted to move Vera's car, then he could hardly believe his good luck when he found Gilman's car parked at the bus stop.

"He short-circuited the switch, started the car, drove to the mountain road, concealed Vera's body, then returned Gilman's car to the place where it had been parked, got in Vera's car, drove up to where he had left the body, put Vera's body in the car, drove the car over the cliff, hitch-hiked back, and went about his business. He felt certain that when the body was found it would either be considered accidental death or, if it was considered homicide, Carter Gilman would be the one who took the rap.

"In the meantime, Elliott now had information that would enable him to blackmail several people, but he didn't dare make a move until the hue and cry over Vera's death had died down."

"How did they get a confession out of Elliott?" Mason asked.

"You can thank Lieutenant Tragg for that," Drake said. "Tragg began to put two and two together and that stay in the cell on the contempt charge had really taken the starch out of Elliott. He caved in once they began to pour the questions at him."

"And Maureen?" Della Street asked sympathetically.

"Apparently," Drake said, "the Kimberlys are real people. According to latest reports, Harvey Kimberly is standing by Maureen and the family is standing by both of them. The wedding is going ahead as planned."

Perry Mason took a long breath. "Well," he said, "it just goes to show that a lawyer should always keep fighting."

Della Street looked at him with an admiration that was almost worshipful. "Did you," she asked, "have any idea of this?"

"I began to consider it a definite possibility," Mason said, "when I kept thinking about the peculiar chart run by Nancy Gilman when she took that lie-detector test and was asked about a daughter.

"There could be no question that Glamis Barlow was her daughter, and yet, when she answered the question that she had had a daughter, the chart showed an emotional disturbance indicating she was lying.

"But I confess it wasn't until I had finished talking with Alan Hancock on the phone that the definite possibilities of the situation began to dawn on me. Even at that, I had to stake everything on a gamble."

"That took nerve," Drake said admiringly.

Mason shook his head. "There was only one way to go," he said. "If I had stopped I'd have been engulfed, and if I'd gone any other way I'd have fallen over a precipice . . . In fact, that's the only technique to use . . . when you get in a fight, keep moving."

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NEXT week we present a two-part serial, "THE INCREDIBLE JOURNEY," by Sheila Burnford. This is the author's first book and has already been acclaimed as a literary classic and has topped the best-seller book list in England.

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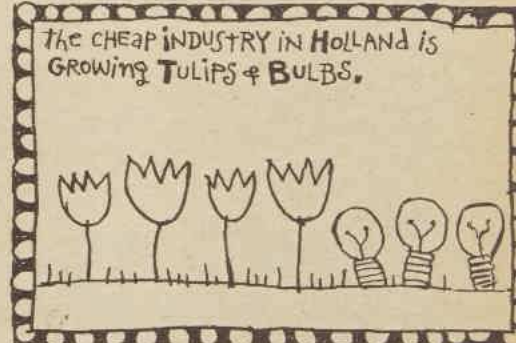
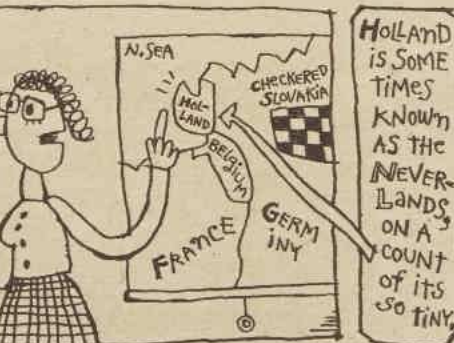
THE FOUR LEADERS of outer space planets have gathered in disguise on neutral Earth for a peace conference. However, they have difficulties with their disguises and are noticed by Narda. NOW READ ON...



Jacky's Diary

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July 19, 1961

Teenagers'

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HOW TO BE A
CHAMPION
RIDER — page 4

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

LETTERS

Collecting can be madness

WHEN you commence school, aged about 5, collecting becomes an important part of your life and the first things you collect are scraps, swapcards, and cigarette cards.

As you grow up you collect many other useless things. Magazines and photographs of film stars are perhaps the favorite collections of girls in their early teens, but as they advance there comes another menace, cosmetics. How girls love to buy as many different lipsticks, eye-shadow sticks, and nail polishes as they can possibly afford!

Among adults we find a wider range of subjects. There are those who like to collect things for memory's sake, and those who take collecting so seriously that they place it before everyone and everything else in the world.

The serious philatelist may spend months sorting out his collection of rare stamps. Similarly a numismatist's mind becomes so absorbed in his collection of coins that he forgets the world around him. Famous paintings and books of all kinds become like a disease to some.

Obviously, the greatest nuisance to society is the autograph hunter. He follows his favorite stars, idolises them, swoons, and may even gate-crash a party to obtain their autographs.

As I look at my old collection of swap cards, stamps, souvenirs, autographs, cosmetics, and assortments of unnecessary objects in my handbag, I suddenly realise with horror that I, too, have been a victim of this terrible disease, and I only hope that I have shown you the absolute necessity of fighting the collecting mania so that you may be saved. — Elaine Dowell, Austin Street, Oakleigh, Vic.

[Enclosed was the sketch below]



"The greatest nuisance to society."

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Contributions of short stories and articles are also invited, but only those accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes will be returned. Send them to Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

School gets better

LAST year I was dubious as to whether I should continue with my education after third year. Eventually I decided not to leave school.

I love school now — fourth year is wonderful. I am on the committee for a school magazine, I am a discussion-group leader, and I did the best I have ever done in my examinations this first term.

We do entirely different work from last year — we go to films and plays, do acting, write letters to different magazines for English assignments, search for clever advertisements, and all kinds of unusual things.

The most interesting assignment we have had, however, is the recording of a radio programme. We pretend we are preparing a 45-minute radio session and we have two competing teams to spur us on. I shall be sorry to leave school. — Patricia Curley, Birriga Road, Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.

... and better

ENJOY school while you can! It is a place where one can have plenty of friends and fun, so make the best of it. Exams may seem horrible, but if one studies and passes the exam with good results one has accomplished something worth while.

Homework can be very tiring at times, but if one settles down and concentrates it can be done in half the time.

Discipline is just as strict, if not more so, at work because one is paid for the work done. At school if the work is not done properly it is you who suffers. Then there are the good times at school, like sports day, special outings, holidays (more plentiful than at work), social evenings, and even excitement in the classroom.

People have said to me that I will change my mind about school after I have been working for a while, but I am yet to be convinced that work is better than school. — "School Lover," Torrens Park, S.A.

No moment to lose

I AM in 4th year at one of the State's biggest schools and my life seems to be a perpetual whirl.

My chosen career will necessitate a six-year University course, but to even reach this stage I must obtain a Commonwealth

Scholarship. This will entail an immense amount of work.

Furthermore, my main form of relaxation is chess, which also requires much study. Sport, too, uses a lot of time.

Perhaps, however, the greatest consumer is ambition. I want to write several books, as I have many possible plots and characters I long to put in print. There is nothing that frustrates me more than time-wasting. Every moment I waste infuriates me. I need sleep, too, and to me this is more time wasted. Altogether my greatest ambition is to use my time to its fullest. Do other teenagers suffer from my disease—"time-frustration"? — Loch Blackett, Musgrave Street, Mosman, N.S.W.

Shorthand needed

SHORTHAND, as well as ordinary handwriting, should be taught in public schools. Think of the advantage it would be to a pupil when he enters high school. He would be able to keep up when taking notes dictated by the teacher, and it could then be written out in ordinary handwriting at home. Teachers would not be continually interrupted and asked to repeat something a pupil has missed. — "Scribble," Yarradappini, N.S.W.

Escorts fail

I AM an 18-year-old student and not very interested in boys. The few times I have been out on dates, my escorts certainly haven't been "all rounders."

The perfectly dressed fellow with the excellent manners turns out to be a wolf on the way home.

The fellow who looks as if he is wearing the same shirt and tie he wore to work and isn't fussy about opening doors always sees I'm home safely in good time.

The dull bore is keen on the best coffee lounge after the show, but the fellow who is terrific company never thinks of chocolates and is noticeably a bit of a miser. — "Sandy," Warwick, Qld.

Painting in anger

HAVE you ever tried painting when angry or depressed? It is a wonderful way to work off steam. Express your thoughts and feelings freely by splashing paint on to your paper according to your mood.

You never can tell, you might be quite surprised and pleased with the results — and remember, you can say things in a painting that you would never dare to say aloud. — "Art Lover," Geelong, Vic.

Rally to, girls

IT'S about time women had a chance to run the world. After all, men have had it ever since the world began, and look at the mess it's in! — E. Isma, King George Parade, Dandenong, Vic.

BEATNIK



"Let's do something real crazy today — like getting a job or something."

Out of sight . . . Kissing games

"ABSENCE makes the heart grow fonder" rarely applies. I think that one forgets what the person in question looks like, and after a while you and he meet new people and inevitably fall in love with someone else. Don't you agree? — Sue Thomas, Devonshire Street, Chatswood, N.S.W.

Takes all kinds

SOME teenagers seem to fret and feel inferior because they don't have the same talents and skills as their friends and schoolmates. They can console themselves with the fact that in this world people have different talents and accomplishments, and just as well.

What would happen to the various industries and farms if everybody was a very, very good dancer or singer? "Glamor" talents on their own don't keep this world going. A farm or factory worker is just as important and vital as an accountant or director. — Ellen Kangur, Marshall Street, Ivanhoe, Vic.

Next week

WINTER is only half over, so if you have not yet completed the knitted part of your wardrobe you'll be fascinated with the sweaters and tunics featured in our next issue. They are photographed against a background of Sydney's most popular jazz-bands — and they are way out in front of the fashion field. ALSO . . . in response to many requests from readers, we are featuring a pin-up of Bill Lawry, the young Test cricketer who made his mark in the second Test . . . AND you'll also find an informative and interesting story about University students and marriage.

Mixed-up kid

WHEN in town recently I met and talked to a boy who has no parents (only an old aunt who doesn't care), laughs off scrapes with the police, and has absolutely no faith, trust, or respect for others.

What sort of a mixed-up outlook is this for an 18-year-old? Can't we do something to help such teenagers get on to the right track? The ones that act big and tough are basically just scared little kids. — Lorna Thom, Yorketown, S.A.

Eastern dress

LIKE to hear something about the dress in Pakistan? I have a Pakistani friend who has told me a lot. Saris are worn as well as long white trousers and a knee-length jacket which is usually richly embroidered and has slits at the side.

Also worn in Pakistan is a dress coming to the knee with another floor-length skirt below. These clothes are usually made of silk and are very beautiful.

A great deal of jewellery is also worn, and gold bracelets on the arms. Earrings are usually of gold and pearls and very long.

The hair is tied either in plaits or in a bun with ornamental combs. Sometimes other hair is plaited with the real hair to make it longer. Pakistani women always look beautiful. — Anne Bauman, Mont Albert, Vic.

OUR PIN-UP

SCHOOLBOY WITH STAR QUALITY

● When 16-year-old Bryan Davies mows the lawn at his Kingsgrove home, Sydney, he is practising a song behind the "sound barrier" of the motor. And when the postman calls he brings Bryan fanmail.

FOR Bryan is beginning to distinguish himself as a popular singer of talent, good looks, and that extra special something—star quality.

His first taste of entertainment was many years ago when he sang on children's radio shows, but it wasn't until last September that, just for the heck of it, he went for an audition with a TV studio — and was given a professional engagement.

Bryan sings easy-going melodies. "I'm still working on a style to really call my own," he said. "I don't like anything frantic, though."

He's appeared on lots of TV shows already, though he prefers to work in front of an audience. He's made a record, too — "Dream Girl," with flipside "Then I'll Know." This record, his first, has been a remarkable success. It was in the Top 40 a week after release — and climbed steadily.

He's only 16 and still at school (5th year, Canterbury High). Bryan has a busy life — studying for the Leaving, taking music and dancing lessons, appearing on TV — and, of course, answering his fanmail.

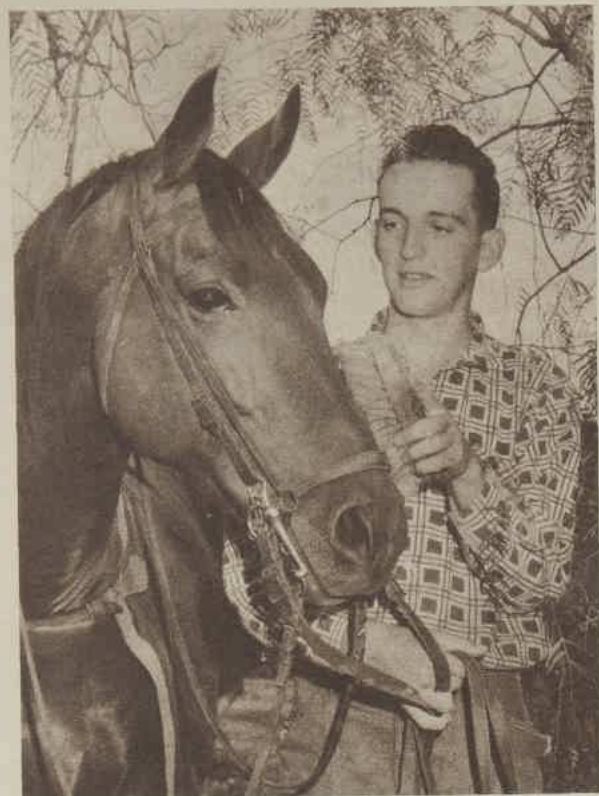
Very sports-minded, he has been captain of school football and basketball teams and represented the school in swimming.

But study has been a constant worry to him. "I had to get satisfaction from something, and my exam results were so discouraging that I decided to take up singing."

At home he is just an ordinary teenager — with the usual chores to do. He can cook, too, provided his friends and relations don't want anything more glamorous than steak and eggs.



CART-HORSE HELPED...



PREPARATION of horses is a big part of successful show riding. Picture shows champion rider Alan Martin, 18, carefully grooming a show steed.

OUR COVER GIRL

IN our main cover picture Helen Martin is dressed in a formal riding outfit. She wears a tailored black coat, jodhpurs, boots, and her English bowler.

The hats in the small pictures on the cover (from the top) are:

- One of Helen's own riding hats, a Robin Hood style for informal riding. Authentic accent—the feather trim on the side.

- A formal English bowler. This is a hard-blocked black hat with a turned-up brim and is worn with a black coat for the most formal of riding occasions.

- Another informal hat. The brim of this cute style looks equally attractive turned up or down at the back. The fabric is felt.

- Informal again, this time a very soft hat in fur felt. It is a bowler shape with a braid trimming.

Hats by John Brush



PAY-OFF for work and money spent on show riding is shown in 22-year-old Helen Martin's bedroom, decorated with winning ribbons.

...THEM TO SHOW-RING FAME

By CAROL TATTERSFIELD

● Helen Martin, of Fairfield, N.S.W., is redecorating her bedroom walls. She's pulling down the old "wall-paper" of show-riding prize ribbons. There's only room for the "champion" ones now.

HELEN won eight such ribbons in the last show season. And added to the gay collection are another eight won by her younger brother, Alan, who is 18.

We weren't able to see Alan when we went out to the Martins' home late one morning recently. He was still sleeping after his "day's" work—helping his father with their milk-run, in the Fairfield district.

The milk-run was really responsible for all those champion riding ribbons. Young Helen and Alan learned to ride on the cart-horses.

They're still there, at Fairfield, grazing peacefully on the 27 acres that surround the Martin house. Trucks have taken their place on the "run," and thoroughbreds their place as the young Martins' steeds.

"But the cart-horses were ideal to start on," said Helen, who is a relaxed 22-year-old. "You need something nice and quiet."

You need a lot of money, too, usually, to get to the polished stage of competing in Champion

Lady and Champion Gentleman rider classes at a Royal Easter Show in Sydney.

The Martins, however, have reached those dizzy riding heights without much money. They used what Helen could spare from her wages as secretary for the local council, and Alan's "left-overs" from working on the milk-run.

How? Helen shrugged and her mother smiled.

"I used to work in my spare time at Mrs. D. Gould's riding school quite near here," said Helen. "So I got free lessons and then taught Alan."

"And later," she added, "when we wanted a good pony for shows, we persuaded Dad to mate a milk-cart mare with a good stallion. The result was Kitty."

Kitty, alias Lady Felicity in the show-ring, is now a winner.

To get her that way, young Helen and Alan themselves broke her in.

When they wanted a second horse—a thoroughbred which would be able to show them off against the creme de la creme of the ring—they bought Glimmer.

"He could have cost up to £250," said Helen. "But then you can pick up a good show horse for as little as £10—if you know horses."

Wonder horse

Helen spotted Glimmer at the local saleyards. She won't say how much he cost—but he's now known as a "wonder horse" and he was bought from Alan's and Helen's savings.

"That was two years ago," said Helen. "I just liked the look of him. But he was a bit mad. Bought as 'handled-to-

lead,' we had to break him in again."

Glimmer is still very excitable, and at the last Sydney Easter Show he tossed Helen off just before her Champion Lady Rider event. She won a reserve champion ribbon—with four stitches above her eye.

Winning such prizes helps with the money problems attached to serious show-riding.

"It helps to pay for clothes, feed, and entrance fees," said Helen, "but you never get out in front. It costs us £19 or so for feed each six weeks, you know, and we're luckier than most, because we've got free grass in the paddocks."

Clothes and saddlery cost the earth—for Helen's salary—"about 35 guineas for breeches, 35 for the formal black coat, 60-odd for a good pigskin saddle," she said.

She won't skimp on these

expenses because, as she says: "You've got to be properly dressed to win," and "If you buy good stuff it'll last for years."

But there's a practical way of offsetting them. Up till now Helen has bought second-hand equipment. The boots in which she has won innumerable "best-equipped lady rider" classes are second-hand.

The equipment is Mrs. Martin's "baby," for Helen wouldn't possibly have the time to keep it all in winning condition.

"Mum cleans the saddlery after every wearing," said Helen. "It has to be done in the daytime, you see; the sun soaks up all the oil."

When they're not being cleaned or worn, the saddles, bridles, and halters are all housed in Helen's bedroom to protect them from mildew and stable dust.

The effect of these horse "furnishings," a sewing-machine on which Helen runs up all except riding clothes, plus the knick-knacks you find in every girl's bedroom, is strikingly colorful.

Just as well, though, that the show-season has stopped until the spring. There's not space for many more champion ribbons on the wall at the moment.

Pick of the pics

● Here are the winning, and some other, entries in the first N.S.W. inter-schools photographic competition, sponsored recently by the Y.M.C.A. Photo Group for Teenagers.



1st PRIZE:
"Ready or Not" (above), by Alan M. Wilson, of North Sydney Boys' High School.



2nd PRIZE: "Bridge Splendor," by D. Ooi, of Enmore Boys' High School, Sydney.



3rd PRIZE:
"Cars" (left), by H. Parkinson, New England Girls' Grammar School, Armidale.



"CHAIRS," by Brian Eastoe, of Tamworth High School, Tamworth.



"HAIRCUTTING TIME," by John W. Lamont, of Canterbury Boys' High School, Sydney.



"LUNCH BREAK," by A. P. McIntyre, of Vaucluse, Sydney.



JOHNNY DEVLIN and his wife, Carol, who is a model, set out for a busy day in town. Carol is 18 and Johnny is 22.

"WHAT do you think, darling?" Johnny likes to have Carol around to criticise when he's trying out a new song or composing.



Johnny and

By AINSLIE BAKER

● "Have you shined your shoes this morning, John?" . . . "Remember to order more potatoes, darling." This domestic dialogue wasn't being tossed about by someone's mum and dad, but by that former wild, wild rock-'n'-roller Johnny Devlin and his pretty 18-year-old bride, Carol.

CAROL always calls John John, and John always calls Carol darling.

They had invited staff photographer Ernie Nutt and myself to morning tea, and we found them preparing coffee and cakes in the holiday flat that is their first home in Sydney.

Johnny's an excellent host, thoughtful, welcoming, and the height of hospitality.

He's proud of his bride, who was formerly model Carol Dixon, proud of the wedding presents that add a personal note to the flat, and proud of the way their marriage is working out.

"The future's never looked so good," he told us, just three months after their wedding.

Before their marriage they worried a lot about how Johnny's fans would accept Carol as his wife, but their fears were groundless.

"I get lots of nice letters from John's girl fans," Carol said, "and he gets quite a lot of requests for photographs of us together. Some of the girls say they would like to meet me."

Well, perhaps they will. Carol's already done a little TV work and made an appearance with her husband on Teen Time, and Johnny's compered a couple of shows in which Carol was a model.

Because he won't go on tour without her, Carol takes modelling engagements only when they fit in with Johnny's plans. "I love my work," she says, "but John's comes first."

Had marriage to a public personality brought about many changes in her own life? I asked Carol.

"I've had to make new friends," she said. "That's been the biggest thing. Most of my old ones seem to feel that entertainers lead some strange sort of existence, and are a race apart. We just don't seem to have anything to talk about any more."

"So now I've made my friends among the people John sees, other singers,

managers, and people in the business.

"There's Lucky Starr, Patsy Ann Nobel, Noeleen Batley, Jimmy Little, Warren and Jan Williams, and Jay Justin."

"We go on picnics and drives, and have a wonderful time together."

As well, the newly-marrieds spend a lot of time with Carol's family at Crows Nest, and with the neighbors she's known most of her life.

Now that he's married, Johnny's giving more thought to the future, and has set himself to learn arranging, drum, sax, and bass.

Everything John and

Carol earn goes into joint banking accounts.

One is for weekly expenses, clothes, and general running expenses. Then there's a special account for the house that they hope to begin building later this year — brick, three bedrooms, and possibly somewhere along Sydney's northern beaches. A third is a savings fund for special things like a tape-recorder for Johnny and a sewing-machine for Carol.

John says frankly, "I listen to Carol a heck of a lot." And it's because she listens to him, too, that they're such a nice couple to be with.



PLENTY of ironing when you're married to a singer with TV commitments, dance dates, and heavy tour programmes. But Johnny helps with the cooking.

Carol still sweethearts



SATURDAY morning is shopping time for the Devlins. They're at a Manly fruit store, but they sometimes go to Paddy's Markets.

DOWNSTAIRS in the car-park of their Queenscliff flat Johnny manfully tackles what is the week's most unpopular job.



Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Parking problem

"AFTER going to the pictures, my daughter and her boy-friend sit outside in the car for about an hour. In my day this was unheard of. It was not considered decent. Please tell me, is this the accepted thing today? Do other couples do it?"

"Worried Mother," Tas.

Yes. And I'm sure you're not the only mother worried about the custom, either. I don't think there's anything you can do about it except to trust the way you've brought up your daughter and perhaps suggest that an hour is a bit much.

Not impressed

"I AM a 16-year-old girl, average-looking. I have been keeping company with a 17-year-old boy for the past month or so. He is very popular with both sexes, and I think has a wonderful personality, and I am very attracted to him. Recently at the pictures, I introduced him to my mother, and, owing to the way he was dressed, duffle coat, loose necktie, and he was smoking, she was far from impressed. My mother believes in fashions for boys and girls, but because he hasn't all the qualities of a recent boy-friend of mine, she does not approve. I wish to continue my friendship with him, but at the same time don't want to go against my mother's wish. What should I do? After all, you can't judge a book by its cover."

"Mixed Up," S.A.

Outward appearances and manners are all you can judge a person by in the brief encounter like an introduction at the pictures, so don't blame your mother for that.

You seem to have a good relationship with her, which is fine for you both, so why not talk it over with her? It is stupid to continue seeing this boy if she doesn't want you to. She'll know about it, and it will only strengthen her feeling against him and make things awful for everyone.

I think you should ask her permission to ask him home to Sunday night supper one weekend soon, preferably with another couple of young friends.

If you could arrange this, it would give your mother a chance to get to know this boy better, assess him more accurately, and make up her mind about him. If she sees him relaxed, at her home, she can really find out what he's like.

You sound sensible and so does she, and I'm sure that this would probably work out well for both of you. Of course, it would have to be with the proviso that you abide by her decision after she's made up her mind. Give it a go.

Would not dance

"I WENT with a boy for four months, but when we went to dances or parties he would never dance or join in. I therefore broke off our friendship

because I like having lots of fun. I haven't seen him since I broke off about a month ago, and I have been missing him. I have been told that he has been very upset and wants me back. Should I apologise to him and renew our relationship or leave it go and find someone else? I am sorry I broke off and I have been very worried and upset over the matter. He is 16 and I am 15. We are both in our Intermediate year at school and have a lot of study, but the romance doesn't interfere with our schoolwork."

"Puzzled," Qld.

I think your first idea of breaking it off with this boy was the best one, and the one you should stick to. Don't ever think for a moment that you can change the way your boy-friend thinks and make him like dancing and joining in the fun at parties. He may try to do this for you, but, if he's not the type, he never will join in the fun in his mind and would go back to his old ways as soon as he got a chance.

If you apologise now, and renew your relationship, it will be exactly the same old thing again. Your apology will say silently, if not aloud, that you want him back whether or not he will join in the party fun, and you'll be stuck with him.

I don't really think you want him back. You just want the prestige of having a steady, and are probably rather put out to hear your girl-friends talking of their outings while you are, temporarily, on the shelf.

Apart from the romantic angle, I think for the sake of your future and career it's a good idea this friendship is broken up. The Intermediate takes some passing, and I just don't believe you when you say that romance doesn't interfere with schoolwork. It does. Anyway, 15 is far too young for a steady. Why not concentrate on passing your exams and forget romance till next year?

Unsure quartet

"WE are four very attractive girls with very good figures. We each have a handsome boy-friend with whom we are very much in love. We are all 17 and have been going out frequently with these boys for over a year. We are sure we love them, but as yet we do not know their feelings towards us. As we are going for a trip to New Zealand next year, we are wondering how we could get them to show their feelings towards us before we go."

"Mixed-up Teens," N.S.W.

I don't know, I'm sure, but if I were you I wouldn't want a declaration before I went away. You four super-attractive girls might pick up something far better in New Zealand, don't you think?

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

If you go untied you can have a far freer conscience about holiday romances. I'd work very hard to stall off any promises of undying love before you go. You don't know what might happen while you're away.

Wants to see father

"NOT so long ago I arranged to meet a girl on a blind date. She turned out to be very attractive and has a great personality and character. She says she likes me very much, but her father does not agree with her going out with lads just yet. We both enjoy the same hobbies, and I feel she is worth waiting for. I suggest that I consult her father about us, but she asked me not to. What do you think I should do? See her father regardless of her pleas, or wait until her father approves of her going out with me? I love her very much and wish to know the correct thing to do."

"Joe," Tas.

There's nothing you can do but respect her wishes and do as she says. If her father disapproves, you'll simply have to wait for her.

I think a bit of waiting on your part would be a good idea, because it's a bit much to say you love her very much after only one date. The wait should test your feelings and hers, too. Although you might find it tiresome, I can't see how you could approach her father about it when she has specifically asked you not to.

Pestered by man

"I AM 19 years old and come from a country town. I work away from home, but come home as often as I can. My problem is that I am continually pestered by a man who is 25 years my senior. I have been unsuccessful in my attempts to rid myself of him. Could you please advise me what to do?"

"Worried Sick," N.S.W.

This is a job for your father or mother, preferably your father. Tell him about it and ask him to speak to this man and tell him he must stop pestering you.

If your parents won't agree to speaking to the man, you should go to the Chamber Magistrate at the Court of Petty Sessions in the town where you

A WORD FROM DEBBIE



WHAT about a fabulous "beat-cellar" in your own backyard? You can have one if there's an old disused shed there.

First step is to remove all junk and start painting.

Paint the feature wall a vibrant red and the others a dingy charcoal-grey or black, the ceiling a dirty cream that all your friends can autograph.

At the windows (if it has any) hang old hessian drawn back with rope.

Hang the wall with "original" abstracts and bright magazine clippings and have string bags of onions and artichokes hanging from nails in the ceiling.

If the floor is wooden, stain it with murky water-paints. If it is stone, try your hand at a rough type of mosaic design in paint.

Dye some hessian bags and make cushions for the floor.

Lighting is simple—candles in old chianti bottles if you can collect them.

Furniture should be an old wooden table to hold your portable gram and jazz records, and a host of friends ready to enjoy themselves being beat.

work and ask him what he suggests you do. He will help you, I'm sure.

But I don't think this step will be necessary if one of your parents speaks to this man. But do something about it. Don't just worry, it's quite unnecessary when something can be done.

Points of etiquette

AT A RESTAURANT

WHICH WAY TO YOUR TABLE?

BOY AND GIRL wait in the foyer of the restaurant until the head waiter comes over. The boy then tells the waiter he has a table booked (a MUST, boys!) and gives his name. The waiter then shows the couple to their table, the girl going first. The waiter holds the girl's chair while she sits down, the boy goes straight to his chair.

WHAT THEN?

THE WAITER will assist the girl with her coat, which is just slipped from her shoulders over the back of the chair. Gloves and purse should NEVER be placed on the table, but put under the chair.

WHAT ABOUT THE MENU?

THE WAITER usually gives a menu each to the boy and girl. If only one menu is used, the waiter hands it to the girl, who chooses her meal (remembering the boy's pocket, please) then hands it to her escort. He chooses, then orders both meals from the waiter.

HOW IS THE BILL PAID?

ALWAYS by the boy, of course, and it's gracious for the girl to look the other way or to disappear into the powder-room. Tipping? Yes, 10 per cent. of the total cost, left discreetly on the table.

OTHER BOYS' JOBS

Cadet on Exchange

By PENNY FORD

● To an outsider (me) the Sydney Stock Exchange seemed chaos, a riot, a stampede of earnest, shouting men in grey flannel suits — at the very least it was horribly confusing.

BUT to Brough Warren it is as clear as the shining windows and as orderly as the share lists we see in the paper every day.

Brough, who is 20, has been in the midst of the scrum most days for the past 18 months.

The buying and selling of stocks and shares is done by operators who are brokers' authorised clerks.

As the operators bid, Brough has to catch the cries of "buy Acme sixpence" or "sell Acme ninepence," identify the voice and chalk it up on the "posts" (Stock Exchange term for the



BROUGH WARREN, a cadet at the Sydney Stock Exchange, working on the "posts."

large sliding board where the sales and markets are recorded).

Most of the time he's too

busy to turn around to see who's bidding, so he has to depend on his hearing.

The cry of "sixpence" is the operator's term for the variation on the market price. For instance, Brough would have to know that the market price of Acme shares was, say, 52/-, and that the new price would be 52/6.

"It's not hard after a while," he said. "I suppose it takes about nine months to learn to recognise the 200 operators by their voices, know their firm's numbers, and know the position of each stock on the 10 posts."

"For the first week I had a headache all the time from the noise."

This work as post clerk, or "chalker," is only part of Brough's job as a financial cadet. He also works as a bond clerk (receiving bonds from the selling brokers), buying-in clerk (buying shares which a selling broker had previously sold but failed to deliver), in the settlements section (delivering and receiving the signed transfers of shares), and in the transfer marking department.

And he loves it all. "When I was young I had great thoughts of becoming a doctor," Brough said. "But even at school, finance, figures, and making money interested me even more—so much more that I failed in my matric."

Brough started work at the Sydney Stock Exchange in February last year, soon after it became the first Australian Exchange to change from the "call system" to "post trading."

Under the old regime all trading was done like an auction sale, with a chairman, and only one stock could be traded at a time.

Now the chairman has given way to the "post" clerks, and all stocks can be traded through the whole day.

Brough was one of the first "post" clerks employed by the Exchange.

His ambitions in the world of business are high—he wants to join the exclusive circle of stockbrokers, but there are only 133 seats on the Sydney Ex-

change and only one is vacant at present.

If it takes Brough 20 years he's determined to make it, even though the present cost of a seat is between £14,000 and £16,000.

At present there's little prospect of Brough amassing so much money—he is earning about £14 a week, but training in the Exchange is the best possible grounding for him to reach his ambition.

There are 10 other boys at the Exchange doing the same work and training as Brough. They start when they're 16 or 17, and usually leave at 21 when they are eligible to become operators.

Brough, who is about to finish his Stock Exchange training, will transfer to general work in a broker's office.

Financial cadets are expected to continue their education at Technical College or University, and Brough is studying accountancy at night.

But don't run away with the idea that he is all businessman—there's nothing of the "all work and no play" about Brough.

He's building himself a 25ft. catamaran sailing boat, likes photography, hiking, rowing, tennis, surfing, woodchopping, taking out girls, and—invariably—investing any spare money in shares.



SMILINGLY confident of the future, Brough hopes eventually to have a seat on the Exchange.

THE LIFETIME READING PLAN

Adapted from the book by Clifton Fadiman

● EDGAR ALLAN POE (1809-1849): Short Stories and other works.

POE has become the symbol of unappreciated genius. His life was made up of misfortunes, some caused by lack of understanding on the part of his era, and many caused by his own disastrous inheritance and weaknesses.

He was a capable journalist, but completely mismanaged what may have turned out to be a successful career. He engaged in several desperate, incomplete love affairs. Drugs, alcohol, overwork, and poverty became his companions.

Poe's mind was neither powerful nor balanced, but it was original, running against the colorless thought of most of his contemporaries.

With "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," "The Purloined Letter," and "The Gold Bug," he not only invented the detective story but practically exhausted its possibilities. He is credited with laying that form's complete foundation, and he also blazed the trail leading to what is now called science fiction.

In his strange and morbid stories we find many elements of modern psychology. For instance, the death wish and the split personality.

Finally Poe was, for all his faults, the first of our important literary critics.

● HERMAN MELVILLE (1819-1891): "Moby Dick."

IT was not until 30 years after his death that "Moby Dick" was unearthed by some devoted scholars of Melville's work. When he wrote it (1851), the book was not completely understood. Now "Moby Dick" is recognised everywhere as one of the greatest novels in the world.

You will probably not be able to read "Moby Dick" right through on the first reading, but with a little skipping anyone can enjoy it as a thrilling sea story about a revengeful old man with an ivory leg pursuing his enemy, the White Whale, to their common death.

As you grow older you will come to understand it as a tempestuous work of art filled with the deepest questionings and full of a tragic sense of life. No one can help being moved by its magnificent prose.

As one critic wrote of "Moby Dick": "It will remain America's contribution to world literature, so wide ranging in that world which is the defiant but secretly terror-stricken soul of man—alone, and appalled by his loneliness."

● MARK TWAIN (1835-1910): "Huckleberry Finn."

MOST people think of "Huckleberry Finn" as a boy's book—which of course it is, and a good one. Against this view is Ernest Hemingway's famous statement: "All modern American literature comes from one book by Mark Twain, called 'Huckleberry Finn'." Somewhere between these two opinions lies the truth, but the truth is closer to the second judgment than the first.

Twain put his youth into this book, but he did more. He mirrored the divisions in every man's soul—the divisions caused by our desire to live with Nature, and our apparently strong desire to turn that same Nature into one giant productive mill.

In "Huck Finn" there is no sentimentality. The pre-industrial America it depicts is one of murder, violence, feuds, greed, and danger.

It is the story of Youth, and it has been described as "a hymn to the strange, puzzled, but still rather beautiful youth of the American nation."

Mark Twain was the first American writer to use the ordinary speech of the people creatively. "Huckleberry Finn" destroyed the conventional English "Literary" sentence. It introduced a new rhythm that followed the twists and turns of everyday speech.

● HENRY JAMES (1843-1916): "The Ambassadors."

HENRY JAMES was a master at tracing subtle relationships among subtle characters. He exhausted every psychological possibility of a given situation. As an artist he is the most extraordinary figure in the history of the American novel.

"The Ambassadors" must be read slowly, as every line has meaning.

Read also "The Short Stories of Henry James" and "The Portrait of a Lady."

NEXT WEEK: Turgenev, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy.

SLEEP FOR BEAUTY



By Carolyn Earle

● *No girl can sparkle
when she feels like
sagging. That's why
it's so important to
get plenty of sound,
healthful sleep, especially
when you're young.*

IT takes a lot of vitality to be good-looking, for much of good looks is a radiant overflow from your store of physical and nervous energy.

To keep that store high and bubbling you need to sleep, and sleep well, to avoid fatigue—enough sleep for both vitality and beauty.

Plenty of sound and restful sleep really does wonders for you. It is a good idea to set a regular sleep schedule and adhere to it. Too much damage can be done to the young if tiredness is allowed to continue.

A good average for young folk is eight hours a day. You can tell whether eight hours is enough for you by the way you feel when you get up in the morning. If you don't feel refreshed and wide-awake, perhaps you need a bit more shut-eye.

Make sure you get it by having a warm bath in water that is oatmeal-softened and nicely scented. Put on a fresh nightie and climb into clean, smooth sheets and you will sleep on and on just like a baby.

When you are caught up in a busy round of outings and dates that allow less sleep than usual, there is no trick more rewarding to looks and vitality than the cat-nap.

Ten horizontal minutes of relaxation in this way is a wonderful pick-up.

Girls who work in offices may feel that they have little chance of taking a short daytime nap before or after a late night.

But actually a nap doesn't necessarily mean sleep. If you just slip off your shoes, loosen tight clothing, and lean the head quietly on crossed arms or a chair back, it will boost your vitality and looks.

THE WRECK OF THE HER(SPRUCED)

● *Make-up and other
female glamorisers
may be things of
beauty — but they're
not joys forever.*

INDEED beauty—out of a jar, a bottle, etc.—isn't in the eye of the beholder for long. It always seems to be rather sad that girls primping is so short-lived—*e-femme-eral*, you might say.

This, let me point out now, is not an attack on beauty aids. I'm not (frankly) incensed or myrrh-thful about the subject.

I'm simply mildly pointing out that the best-laid pancake for enticin' men, etc.

Here's some evidence to prove that the difference a dame makes doesn't make much difference for long.

Let's take it from the top literally, and first look at hair—how, after a short while, the locks of a female who's fiddled with her follicles don't always click.

Is there, I ask you, anything less permanent (sort of hair today and gone tomorrow) than the wave which boasts of being just that?

A male's hair, let me suggest, stays in shape longer after a six bob or so trim than does a girl's after a several quids' coiffure.

And consider cosmetics. Even though they for the moment offer a schoolgirl complexion, all too soon they (appropriately enough, I suppose) themselves do the Leaving!

Nail polish is concerned with the quick—and is soon dead; powders take one; vanishing creams live up to their name; lipsticks aren't in the pink for long; and mascara runs—out on its wearers.

Next, to go out on a limb (though not to take girls down a peg or two), stockings, too, don't stand up for long.

Yes, sad to say, girls take them on as steps to make their legs look more sleek—but the steps turned into ladders!

Although these things I've just mentioned wear off, leaving a girl the worse for wear, at least for a time they do beautify.

Some other beauty artifices, however, make a female look a fright without ever, directly, boosting her looks.

Girls play Frankenstein (causing blokes who see them to either *chuckle* or *hide*) when they have hair in curlers, faces covered with cold cream or mud, crazy things like those.

What answer do I have to the problem?

Frankly, none—so I won't (because on the subject of cosmetics I'm *pore* but honest) pull the wool over your eyes.

Even though I'm quite aware that beauty is only *skein* deep!

—Robin Adair

LISTEN HERE

—with Ainslie Baker

● Encouraged by the Kingston Trio when they were in Sydney recently, The Sapphires—formerly a recording vocal group—have struck out as an instrumental-vocal folk-singing act, with two guitars and banjo.

THEY make their bow with the dramatic Western-style "Johnny Greensleeves," backed with a number of Italian origin, "Oh, Oh, Rosie," and if the disc does all that's predicted for it they could soon be changing their old theme tune, "Ain't It Hard," to something more jubilant.

The Sapphires came into being after the break-up of a quartet called The Ramblers, when two of its members left. One of them, Warren Lucas, joined The Delltones.

Duke Finlay and Tony Garrick, the two remaining members, decided to recruit a third voice and form a trio. Ned Hussney, who had had experience singing in a church choir, was their choice.

Until a chance experiment with the Kingston Trio's "Sara Jane" convinced the boys that their future lay in folk-singing, The Sapphires had intended to try for a sound similar to that of America's Hi-Lo's, or the Four Freshmen.

They still use a good deal of Kingston material, and, in fact, the visiting Trio became interested in the local boys when they saw them doing their "New York Girls" (re-arranged and called "Sydney Girls") on Bandstand, the TV show.

After that the Americans went to see The Sapphires at the Stadium, and congratulated them on the way they rearranged Kingston numbers and changed the harmonies to suit their own personalities.

Local talent: One of the most profitable partnerships in the local recording industry has been that of songwriter Elaine Goddard and The Allen Brothers, who've had "My Secret" and "Pretty Keen Teen" right up with the chart-toppers. Elaine has also written Peter and Chris' new single for H.M.V., "No Fool-in," and the flip, "Be An Angel, Darling." It could turn out another winner.

THERE'S a sort of light Continental touch that is very attractive about "The Mocking Bird," recorded in New Zealand by The Multiple Guitars of Peter Rosa and released in Australia as a Festival 45. "La Paloma," on the flip, is quite nice, too.

"NATURE BOY," which looks like being another success for Bobby Darin, gets an effective instrumental treat-

ment from Bix Bryant's group, The Raiders (Rex 45). On the other side they're heard in a brooding number that they dreamed up themselves, "Nightmare."

Pops: New boy coming up fast on the pop horizon is Tony Orlando with his heart-broken "Halfway To Paradise" (Philips 45). It is already making its mark in the States, and with the flip, "Lonely Tomorrows," could make Tony a new teen favorite.

ONE of those versatile LPs on which there's a bit of everything ("Symphony," "Caravan," "Willow, Weep For Me") is "A Zillion Strings" (Everest), with former jazzman Dick Hyman at the piano. The entire programme gets a polished pop treatment that should appeal to all ages.

WANT to know what comes next for the fabulous Marceels after "Blue Moon"? It's a fascinating revival of Gershwin's "Porgy and Bess" number "Summertime" (Pye 45).

EVER wondered what the odds are of getting a hit record? Johnny Preston, whose new Mercury single, "Big Chief Heartbreak," brings back his "Running Bear" sound, worked it out: "With about 500 records released in a single day in America, a singer has exactly one chance in 500 of getting a hit." That makes 22-year-old Johnny a pretty lucky guy, for, apart from "Bear," he's also had "I Feel So Fine."

NEGRO recording star Sam Cooke, whose "Cupid" (R.C.A. 45) looks like doing well for him, has formed a special recording company to give a start to talented young members of his race. It's called Lincoln Records and will feature only negro artists.

IF you've grown up to like the vocal blending of The Shirelles, you'll want to hear their first LP, "Tonight's The Night" (Top Rank). The four former New Jersey schoolgirl friends, Addie, Doris, Shirley, and Beverly, repeat their past hits (though not their current "Mama Said") and add some numbers we haven't heard them sing before.

A SINGLE that certainly rang a bell with me is The Edsels' quaint near-novelty, "Rama Lama Ding Dong" (Pye 45). This is a fairly new group, but they

sound as though they could be around the charts for quite a while.

TV music: Claiming that there should be more to Latin music than exotic rhythm, when "Mr. Lucky Goes Latin" on an R.C.A. LP, composer Henry Mancini goes along, too, and as conductor makes sure that the orchestra plays his music with just the right amount of worldly sophistication. It's a disc that should appeal to a wide audience apart from "Mr. Lucky" fans.

Movie music: Still another movie theme that grows more fascinating the more you listen to it is "La Dolce Vita" (R.C.A. 45), from the Italian film of the same name. Also from the film is the flip, "Parlami De Me," which has the same mysterious, haunting quality. The Ray Ellis orchestra.

Classical: For those with a serious interest in music, a quality recording of great beauty and lasting value is an Everest LP of five works for orchestra and voice by the brilliant French woman composer Lili Boulanger, who died in 1918 at the age of 24. Igor Markevitch conducts the Lamoureux Orchestra and singers of the Elizabeth Brasseur Chorale in a programme of true nobility.

IN lighter mood is "The Romance Of The Piano," an offering of such classical pops as Grieg's "Wedding Day At Troldhaugen," Schumann's "Traumerei," Liszt's "Liebestraum," a Brahms and a Schubert waltz, and a Beethoven sonata. The pianist is Hans Richter-Haaser, who is already known to Australian concert-goers. A Philip's "Classical Favorites" LP.



THE ACOUSTICS. From left: Serge Ostin, Geoff Schofield, Allan Francis.



THE SAPPHIRES, a Sydney folk-singing group, are now a solo act. From left: Duke Finlay, Ned Hussney, Tony Garrick.

These boys out to make big noise

● Three likeable boys, their guitars, a talent for harmonising, and loads of ambition—these are the ingredients which have carried The Acoustics into the world of show business.

THE BOYS — Allan Francis, Geoff Schofield, and Serge Ostin—are the first to admit that they're only just in. They are a resident trio for a Sydney teenage TV programme, and hope to appear in several others soon.

"We had all the confidence in the world before our first appearance," said 20-year-old Geoff. "Then, when we heard ourselves, we realised how much we had to learn."

Allan, 19, added: "We're going to the Conservatorium to learn to read and write music and to study theory and presentation. And we're each learning an instrument."

The boys are prepared to work hard. They have been practising together three or four nights a week and nearly all the weekend for three months — singing new songs, polishing up old ones, and trying out new arrangements.

They're keeping on with their jobs (Geoff is a salesman for a publishing firm, Allan is a laborer,

and Ukrainian-born Serge, who is 20, works in a venetian-blind business), but if they are successful they'll give them up to concentrate full time on their singing careers.

"We've allowed ourselves three months to see how we go," said Geoff.

WORTH HEARING

TCHAIKOVSKY: NUTCRACKER SUITE

RUSSIAN composers seem to have a special gift for writing story-telling music that captures a magical, once-upon-a-time atmosphere.

One of the best known of all examples of this Russian fairytale music is Tchaikovsky's ballet *The Nutcracker*. Tchaikovsky was a gloomy fellow himself, and a tremendously earnest composer, but he wrote some of the most enduring "light classics" of all time. *The Nutcracker*, written near the end of his life, is perhaps his best work in this vein.

We have all heard the music of the suite from this ballet from our earliest days of listening to music, yet it never quite loses its appeal and freshness.

The Nutcracker Suite has reappeared on a recording (previously issued in stereo) on Festival's Concert-Disc label, impeccably played by the Symphony of the Air — Toscanini's former N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra.

It plays in this recording (according to the label) without a conductor. If it is genuinely conductorless, the performance is astonishingly precise and fluent.

On the reverse side are two shorter though more substantial works, well designed to show off the orchestra's virtuosity: the overture to Wagner's one comic opera, *The Mastersingers*, and Berlioz' *Roman Carnival Overture*.

— Martin Long

TEENA *by Linda Terry*



Sandra

At the Zantar premiere Sandra has noticed that Dolores Cassetta, Zantar's second wife, is wearing an identical bracelet to the one lost by Paula Schley, his first wife. NOW READ ON ...

by Bill Sawyer

